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The AMERICAN LEGION *Weekly*

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SAILORS
FOR
WOMEN

ARIS HAT CO.

John Ward

The Dotted Line?



No. 310B
Rolled Silver
Plate
\$1.50

No. 1003
Rolled Gold
Plate
\$3.50

Q You signed on the dotted line when you entered the Service—and thereafter, at spasmodic intervals, on the payroll. And then one day you stood in line for your final pay—remember the flourish when it came your turn to sign. Those were all important signatures but they were few and far between. You didn't need an elaborate writing equipment in those days.

Q It's different now. You're back in "civies" and hard at work. Every day you have need of a dependable writing tool. Either of these American Legion automatic pencils will exactly meet your requirements. They are thoroughly reliable and everlastingly guaranteed. A midget size emblem is mounted securely on the cap of each pencil.

Q This is only one of a great variety of articles incorporating the emblem to be had. A catalog will be mailed free upon request.

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Emblem Division, Department 3, The American Legion, Indianapolis
Please send me at your risk, one American Legion Automatic Pencil No.
I will pay postman \$..... (plus a few cents postage) in full payment;
It is understood, however, that if I am not fully satisfied my money
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City
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Get this, men—

A complete assortment of the world's finest
smoking tobaccos — sent to any smoker
anywhere — *on 10 days approval*

*A new idea for Pipe-Smokers:
12 famous tobaccos, packed in
a handsome Humidor—shipped to you
direct to help you find the soul-mate for
your pipe.*

GUARANTEED BY

The American Tobacco Co.

MOST men have written their
John Hancocks on a lot of
"dotted lines." But, if you're a pipe-
smoker, we'll wager that you've
never signed a fairer, sweeter con-
tract than the little coupon at the
bottom of this page.

Just a few strokes of your pen—and
you can end your quest of years for
a perfect smoking tobacco—drawing
dividends for life in unalloyed pipe-
satisfaction.

he'll find the real affinity for his pipe.

Knowing smokers as we do—and
knowing tobaccos as we do—we felt
that we'd be doing a friendly turn
for everybody if we found a way to
settle this question once and for all,
to the satisfaction of every smoker.

So we created the *Humidor
Sampler*.

Into a bright red lacquered humi-
dor case, we have packed an assort-
ment of twelve famous smoking
tobaccos—covering the whole range
of tobacco taste.

To test these 12 tobaccos is to go
the whole route in delightful pipe
tobacco experience, trying out every
good flavor and aroma known to
pipe connoisseurs.

There are myriads of different
brands of smoking tobaccos on the
market. But of them all, there are
12 distinctive blends which, in our
opinion, stand in a class by them-
selves for superlative individuality
of flavor, aroma and smooth, sweet,
even quality.

These twelve decisive blends—the
twelve "primary colors" of tobaccos
—have been selected for the Humi-
dor Sampler. When you have tried
these twelve, you have tried the best;

if your tobacco-ideal is to be found
anywhere, it must be one of these.

Ten-Day Approval Offer

We are eager to send the Humidor assort-
ment to any smoker, anywhere, on ten days'
approval.

Send no money. Just sign and mail the
coupon. That will bring you the Humidor
assortment direct from our factories to your
den. When the postman brings the package,
deposit \$1.50 with him, plus postage.

If a ten-day try-out of these tobaccos
doesn't give you more real pipe pleasure than
you've ever had before, besides revealing the
one perfect tobacco for your taste—the cost
is on us.

Simply return the Humidor, and you'll get
your \$1.50 and the postage back *pronto*—
and pleasantly. The coupon is your obedient
servant; use it.

Send No Money—Just Mail Coupon

A Test of the 12 Best for only \$1.50

If you were to try all 12 of these
tobaccos in full size packages,
the cost would be

Blue Bear	.25
Capitan	.30
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
Imperial Cube Cut	.30
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Carlton Club	.15
Yale Mixture	.25
Three States	.25
Lone Jack	.10
Willi Lalaka	.45
Louisiana Perique	.25
Total	\$3.05

But through the Humidor Sampler
you get a liberal "get acquainted"
quantity of each for 10¢

But we are
getting ahead
of our story.

The average
pipe - smoker
is the greatest
little experi-
menter in the
world. He's
forever try-
ing a "new
one," confi-
dent that
some day

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Marburg Branch, Dept. 60
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Please send me,
on 10 days' ap-
proval, one of
your Humidor
Samplers of
twelve different smoking tobaccos. I will
pay postman \$1.50 (plus postage) on receipt
—with the understanding that if I am not
satisfied I may return Humidor in 10 days
and you agree to refund \$1.50 and postage
by return mail.



Name.....

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Note:—If you expect to be out when post-
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Zonite

the World War Antiseptic

most remarkable chemical discovery of the century



Out of the horrors of history's most devastating war came one achievement really great. The Carrel-Dakin solution reduced deaths from infection among the wounded from seventy per cent. to less than one per cent. This new antiseptic actually *wiped out* infection. It was the good angel of the war, but scientists hoped to make it also the servant of peace. For years the great antiseptic defied their efforts to stabilize it. Requiring, as it did, to be made up in new supply daily, the solution was available only to well-equipped hospitals.



NOW, at last, success has crowned these efforts. In the form called Zonite, the great world-war antiseptic is yours. For the first time in history, every home can know the security of a powerful infection-halting and disease-preventing antiseptic that is *not a poison*. Zonite, though it is harmless in the hands of a child, possesses forty times the germicidal strength of any solution of carbolic acid or bichloride of mercury that can be safely applied to the human body. Zonite in the family medicine chest ushers in a new era of contagion-prevention and real, deep-seated antiseptic cleanliness.



For Preventing Contagious Diseases—Until the discovery of this form of antiseptic, it was impossible to introduce freely into the mouth and nose any antiseptic solution at sufficient strength to destroy disease germs effectively. It is in the prevention of germ diseases, therefore, that Zonite finds one of its greatest fields of usefulness. During epidemics of colds, grippe, scarlet fever, diphtheria, measles, whooping cough, sore throat and other respiratory diseases, when every sneeze and draft scatters millions of germs, Zonite should be used frequently as a throat spray and nasal douche.

For Personal Hygiene—Zonite is the ideal antiseptic for personal hygiene. Poisonous caustic compounds, such as bichloride of mercury, phenol and cresol solutions, etc., are tremendously harmful when used regularly for douche medication. Any physician will verify this statement. Write for the Zonite booklet on personal hygiene for women.

For Catarrh—Zonite affords a most efficient local treatment for this condition. Used as a nasal spray it quickly loosens the hardened incrustations of mucous matter, clears up the nasal passages and soothes and heals congested membranes. Note—Atomizer fittings

in which Zonite is used must be of hard rubber.

Rash, Skin Eruptions—There are numerous kinds of skin eruptions classed as eczema. Many of these yield readily to the application of Zonite. A few trials will demonstrate whether or not the antiseptic will be of service. Chronic skin troubles and skin troubles induced by system disorders should receive the attention of a physician.

For Dandruff—Dandruff (seborrhea sicca) and many other scalp irritations are due to bacterial infection. Zonite has proved remarkably effective in removing these annoying conditions. It kills the micro-organisms, dissolves and removes the scaling incrustations and exercises a stimulating and tonic effect on the scalp tissues and hair follicles.

Sore Throat—Nearly all the ailments of the throat are due to bacterial infection. Prompt relief, therefore, cannot be obtained without the use of an effective germicide. One part Zonite to five parts water as a gargle or throat spray usually clears up and controls throat infections. In severe cases, especially when ulcerations are present, the throat should be swabbed with pure Zonite and your physician called. Begin treatment promptly when symptoms first appear.

Bad Breath (halitosis)—Breath odors are usually caused by a bacteriological condition of the mouth. Zonite is the one form of antiseptic with real germicidal power that can be used freely in the mouth. Its effect is far more thorough and far more lasting than pleasant-tasting mouth washes heretofore used for this purpose.

For Cuts and Wounds—Zonite should be promptly applied to a fresh cut or wound to destroy the germs which cause blood poisoning and other similar forms of infection. In addition to acting as a disinfectant, it will shorten the process of healing and greatly reduce the usual pain and inflammation.



As a Mouth Wash—A solution of one teaspoonful Zonite added to one-quarter glass of water used night and morning as a mouth wash will destroy breath odors and act as an excellent preventive against pyorrhea. Dental authorities have stated that the daily use of Zonite in this manner, together with regular dental inspection, reduces the likelihood of contracting this disease to a minimum.

For Burns, Scalds and Blisters—Zonite is especially valuable in the treatment of burns, scalds and blisters. It prevents infection, aids in removing charred or dead tissue, helps to reduce inflammation, and accelerates healing. It also lessens scars and disfigurements that are apt to follow wounds of this character.

Rids the Home of Deadly Poisons—It is no longer necessary to keep the skull and crossbones type of antiseptic in the home. Zonite, while highly germicidal, can cause no fatal accident. It also supplants pleasant tasting mouth washes and gargles, heretofore in general use, that according to government reports, have no detectable germicidal power.

Zonite is a clear, colorless liquid that does not stain and leaves no odor. It is the last word of science on the subject of antiseptics. Write today for the Zonite "Handbook on Antiseptics," which describes fully the protection which the antiseptic brings to the home.

Standard laboratory tests show Zonite is germicidally fifty times as powerful as peroxide of hydrogen. Yet despite its strength, Zonite is non-caustic, non-irritating and non-poisonous. In the home, Zonite is absolutely safe. Zonite Products Company, Division K, 342 Madison Ave., New York City.

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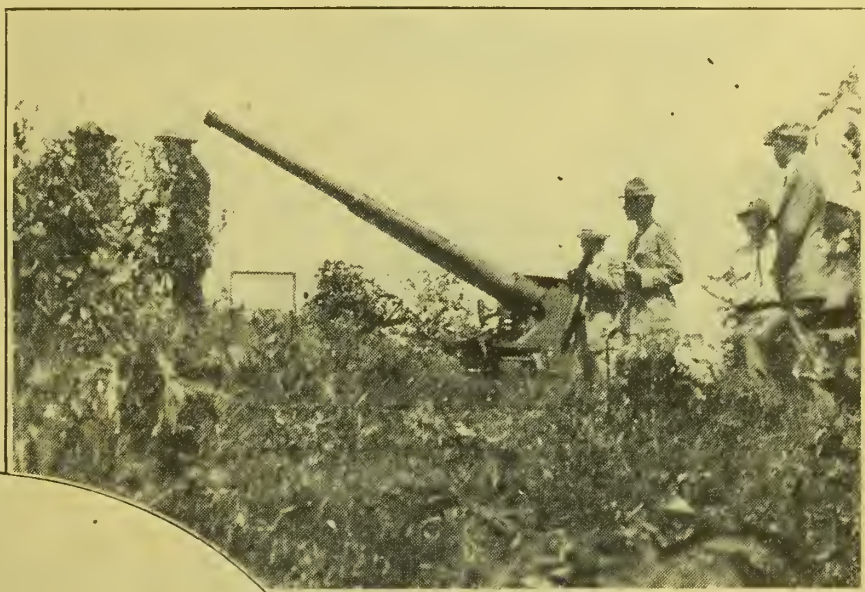
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EXTRA! Enemy Takes Panama

By Charles Phelps Cushing

THE greatest war game we ever attempted, a sham battle by sea and land and air, engaging nearly all the fighting ships of both the Atlantic and the Pacific fleets and nearly nine thousand troops of the Army's Panama Canal Zone garrisons in one spectacular mêlée, had not come off on schedule. War was to start Monday at noon; with growing impatience we waited through Monday afternoon and evening and all day Tuesday. Nothing happened.

The trade winds swished through the palm trees; from on high the tropic sun blazed down. Above Fort Randolph and the palm-fringed coral shores of Cristobal-Colon, at the Atlantic end of the canal, a few army airplanes circled, droning lazily. Nothing else stirred



An anti-aircraft gun in the midst of the jungle—but it didn't repel the invasion



The *California*, flagship of the defending forces, nosing into Gatun Locks

but a fleet of antique low-neck carriages. These, laden with restless "war correspondents," kept clattering up and down the streets between the Hotel Washington and the gangplank of the old cruiser *Seattle*, the floating umpire box of the chief arbiters of the war game, Admiral Robert E. Coontz, ranking officer of the Navy, and Major General John L. Hines, who during General Pershing's absence in France is acting commander of the United States Army. "What's happened to our war?" the correspondents kept anxiously demanding.

The chief umpires shook their heads and were mum, though a twinkle of humor was faintly perceptible about the corners of their eyes. We'd have to find out for ourselves.

Not until Tuesday evening did the secret leak out—that all this delay, which had kept the fidgeting crews of two great battle fleets and nearly nine thousand troops cooling their heels around Panama for a day and a half, was caused by three ripe tomatoes. This was

the inside stuff: In neighboring Costa Rica deluging rains had put a railway out of service. In that emergency the commander of the Canal Zone's army aviation force had lent the Costa Rican government some airplanes to help transport the mail. This work completed, one of the fliers, Lieutenant Odas Moon, had put aboard his boat, just before he shoved off for home, a crate of large ripe tomatoes, a little treat for his messmates at France Field. The ordinary tomato of the tropics is a warty thing about the size of a crab apple; these were large, luscious and healthy specimens such as flourish only on the Costa Rican highlands.

Lieutenant Moon coasted merrily down the coast of Costa Rica and went skimming on across Chiriqui Lagoon. Glancing casually over the side of his craft, he suddenly glimpsed below him a whole flock of big battle wagons and cruisers, a bevy of subs and destroyers and the plane carrier *Langley*. There lay the main force of the hostile Black fleet, of whose whereabouts no one from down Panama-way was supposed

to have even so much as an inkling!

As a loyal and active member of the defense garrison of the Zone, Lieutenant Moon got something of a thrill out of that sight. Then he grinned. Down he swooped above the *Langley* and dropped a bomb—one of those precious ripe red tomatoes. It squashed upon the plane carrier's deck; after it he hurled two more to the mark. Thereupon he made all speed back to France Field and reported that he had discovered the enemy fleet and sunk its plane ship.

That spilled the beans. That gummed up the whole war.

The umpires, as is their right in a war game, ordered the Black fleet to put to sea again *my pronto*, and issued the same stern command to the Blue fleet, lurking somewhere in Pacific waters off the Gulf of Panama. "Back on your marks again—get set—go!"

This war game, you should understand, is unlike any other kind of contest. It isn't played to see who'll win, but for the exercise of maneuvering and to find out what the contestants can learn about war by playing at it. "Game" is a misnomer; it is much more like a theatrical rehearsal. At any point in the show the stage directors can cut in abruptly and make the cast repeat their lines or go through a whole act again. You can kill off the villain and a second later bring him back to life, or "constructively" do anything else you choose. So, though the

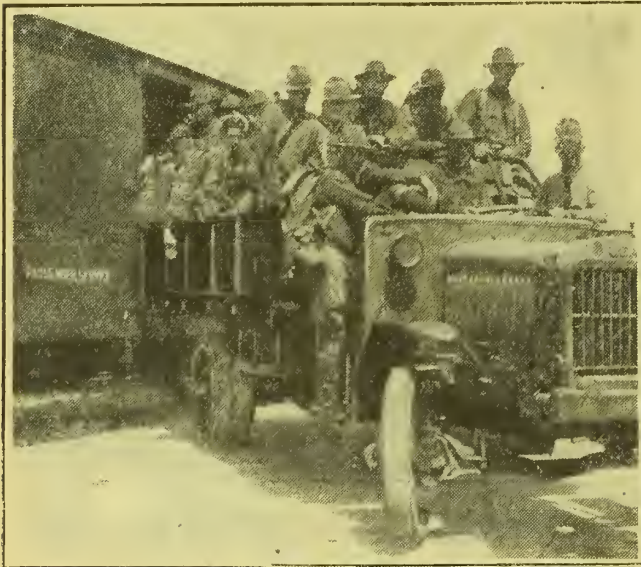
Langley was sunk, they pulled her up by radio; and Lieutenant Moon, except for the glory of the moment, had hurled away the prime ingredients of a good salad to no purpose.

AGAIN the conditions of play were laid down, for a battle now impending at daybreak of the following morning. The Panama Canal, the sharps explained to us, is one of the most vital and valuable parts of our whole machinery of national defense. Why? Because so long as it is properly defended and kept in working order we are safe to dispose half of our great fleet in Atlantic waters, half in the Pacific, with the assurance that we can join the halves, via the canal, at either side on short notice.

But that very fact makes Panama a most tempting object of attack from any hostile power that maintains a first-class navy. Here, and not at New York or Charleston or New Orleans, would such an enemy be likely to strike first in a real war. His first move would be to cork up the canal if he could, because, thus, for as long as it might take our Pacific ships to circle around the coasts of South America, he would deprive us of at least half the fighting strength of our Navy. That blockade accomplished, he would outnumber our Atlantic squadron two to one when he proceeded to launch an attack upon whatever port he chose to capture along our Atlantic coastline or the shores of the Gulf of Mexico.

It was assumed in this maneuver that the attacking Black fleet from Europe had driven our Atlantic squadron north to the shores of South Carolina and Georgia and now was speeding down to smash the forts at the Atlantic entrance to the canal and to shoot the

(Continued on page 22)



Troops for the Pacific side arriving at Cristobal. Note the American style 40 Hommes Pullmans



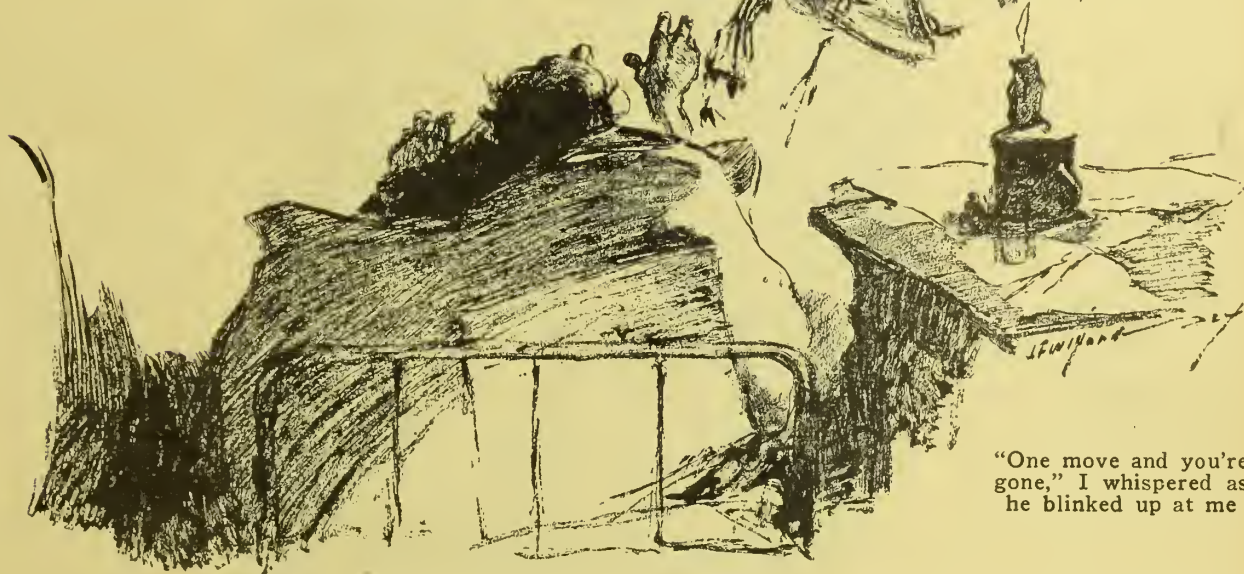
Doughboys at Cristobal after the armistice. These troops were "constructively" wiped out in the fight for the Canal

The MISSING PAYMASTER

A Mystery-Adventure Story of the A. E. F.

By C. E. Russell

Illustrated by L. F. Wilford



"One move and you're gone," I whispered as he blinked up at me

V

FOR almost a week the plot developed. At first, Jeanette seemed in a submissive frame of mind toward our quarry, then she would retreat as if in fear. It was all working out so nearly according to my ideas that I determined to keep the two girls away from the café for a few nights a second time.

"You are not to go back again this week," I told them on Thursday night. "Let him miss you for a few days—perhaps your absence will help break down his caution."

Saturday was such a hard day for me that I had gone to my hotel early. It seemed as if my head had hardly touched the pillow, however, when I was awakened by a pounding on my door.

"Major, wake up, wake up! It is I—Celeste!"

Hastily I wrapped a blanket about me and threw open the door. Celeste and the night orderly were standing in the hall.

"Dress yourself and come downstairs!" Celeste ordered. "Jeanette is at the Café de Verre! She has secured a confession! Our man engineered the whole crime! Hurry! I

have a cab waiting!" and she was gone before I could ask a single question.

"Hurry to the Casino!" I instructed the orderly. "Tell Major Sherbourne to bring ten men and come to the Café de Verre at once—tell him to be sure they are armed!"

"Jeanette chafed at what she thought was an unnecessary delay," began Celeste as we started off in the cab. "So tonight, in spite of all that I could say, she was bound to visit the café. She seemed to think that she had the man on the verge of a confession and that any delay might be fatal. Naturally I went along with her. We saw the suspect when we entered the place, and as soon as he saw us he came up to us. You know that the café has several small private dining-rooms which open off the main corridor. Well, he was insistent that we go into one of them. Right away he started in making love to Jeanette. She was carrying her part along so well that I could see if they were left alone she would win that confession. So I whispered to her that I was going outside, but that I would be within hearing distance if she wished me.

"Once out of the room, I went to hunt for the manager. I told him who we were and that I wanted him to be

on hand in case Jeanette needed help. Then he and I sat down near the door and waited.

"In about half an hour Jeanette came out to me and told me that she had won the confession and said that I must hurry and find you. I demurred at first, but she was so insistent that I finally decided to do as she requested. After warning the manager again I left to come to your hotel. That's as much as I know about it."

How I cursed my folly for ever having permitted these two girls to take part in such a dangerous enterprise! The cab seemed to move at a snail's pace while I pictured Jeanette alone in such a dive and at the mercy of an unprincipled scoundrel. So intense did my feelings become that I discovered myself excitedly urging the driver to make faster time, although his poor scrawny beast was doing its utmost. It seemed hours instead before we finally reached the Café de Verre.

"You slip in first," I whispered to Celeste. "See if you can find the manager and have him meet me in one of the other private rooms. Tell him to let me in without my being seen if he can."

Allowing Celeste time to make the arrangements, I stepped within. The

manager was beckoning to me from the door of a private room.

"Has anything happened to the girl?" I asked.

"She's all right so far," was his calm reply.

"Can we get her out of that room for a few moments?"

"I can tell you how to work it," broke in Celeste. "Let me knock on her door and ask her to step outside for a moment. She can tell him that I am leaving and would like to speak with her. Then, when she is outside, you," turning to the manager, "can go in and keep him quiet until the major can make his plans. You can slip out again when Jeanette returns."

Jeanette, her face flushed from the excitement of the moment, soon came into the room where I was concealed. She hastily described the situation in the other room.

"He has told me everything," she whispered. "He swears that he will never be taken alive, and I believe it, too. He has been telling me all about himself while we were sitting on the sofa. He has his automatic on a small stand near his right hand, and every time the door opens he sits there with that terrible gun in his hand ready to shoot, his eyes fastened on the entrance. Long before you can cross the room he will have killed you. Oh, how can we capture him?" And the girl who but a moment before had shown self-control now seemed on the point of breaking down.

I made a quick mental picture of the room—the sofa there on the far side and the table in the center. The girl was right. I knew it would be nothing less than suicide for anyone to attempt to reach him alone. Then I saw our only chance, a desperate one.

"Listen closely, Jeanette," I emphasized. "Can you return to the room, leaving the door slightly ajar so that I can see through the crack at the back? Then can you make yourself appear to surrender to him? Can you sit upon his lap for three seconds and, twining your arms around his neck, pin his right arm to the sofa with your weight? If you can do this, in those three seconds I can cross the floor and reach him before he can prevent it, and we can get him. It's a desperate chance for both of us, but if we are to capture him at all it's our only way."

"Yes, major, I can and I will," she assured me.

With a grim smile Jeanette left me, and as I quietly followed her out into the hall I had a feeling that she would not fail me. From behind the door, which, as I had asked her, she had left slightly ajar, I watched her walk across the floor to the sofa, slide down into

the lap of the criminal, and slowly twine her arms around his neck. Then, as if in complete surrender, she slipped over on to his right arm and lifted up her lips for the first kiss.

I had seen enough. With a bang that aroused the whole place I slammed back the door. Just as the culprit struck Jeanette full in the face and threw her to the floor in one last frenzied attempt to reach his gun, my automatic banged down squarely upon his head.

Without a sound he slid slowly off the sofa and lay in a crumpled heap beside the unconscious girl. I knew that my blow would only stun him, and so, before he could recover, I rolled him over

where my revolver had come in contact with his skull.

Briefly I outlined the night's adventures to the major, cautioning him to be doubly careful that our manacled prisoner did not escape, and as the military police marched him off toward the Casino, I left for my hotel.

The trip to the Café de Verre had been a hectic one for me, but it had been successful, and I could not find it in my heart to censure the girls for their deliberate violation of my orders. Thanks to Jeanette, we now had one of the criminals, while she, at the same time, had his confession as well. I knew that as soon as I had heard her story I could build up a strong case against the man. Unquestionably he would be hard to break, but I hoped that by handling him in the right way we could finally force him to tell us all the facts connected with the Barry case. When I went to bed I promised myself that before twenty-four hours had elapsed I would have the answer to the crime or know the reason why.

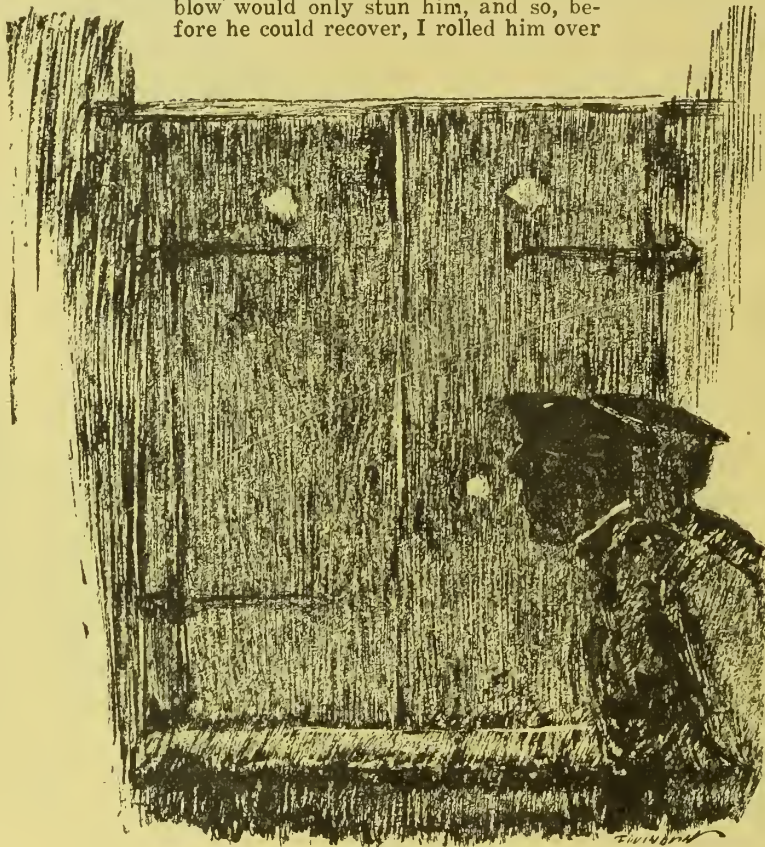
Early next morning I presented myself at Jeanette's house. Celeste met me at the door to dash my hopes to the ground by politely but firmly refusing to allow me to enter, saying that Jeanette was completely unstrung by her previous night's experience and that her doctor had absolutely forbidden any one to see her.

When Celeste noted the look of dismay that spread over my face at the news which she had just given me she volunteered the following: "This much of Jeanette's adventure I have been able to pick out from her ravings: your prisoner was the brains

of the plot—was the one who planned it and carried it out. He saw the captain going over to the bank alone and noticed that the customary pay-guard was not accompanying him. Before Captain Barry returned the plans had been made. Assisted by the four others, who used the Café Boulevard as a hangout, he waylaid the captain. One of the four met Barry in the road and informed him that Jamison (the name the criminal had given to Jeanette) was dying in the café and wanted to see an American officer, since he had a confession which he desired to make. Captain Barry, not suspecting a trap, stepped inside, only to be struck down by an iron bar in the hands of the man he supposed he was to interview.

"What happened after the blow was struck I am unable to say, for at that point in the recital poor Jeanette became hysterical again and now moans and sobs for her captain," ended Celeste, promising that she would call me the minute it was possible for me to see Jeanette.

(Continued on page 26)



Creeping up to the shutter, I peeked through the knothole

on his face and snapped the handcuffs around his wrists.

Celeste, who had been watching from the hall, came running in to kneel beside the still unconscious form of Jeanette. Tenderly we picked her up and laid her on the sofa, and forced a few drops of wine through her tightly-clenched teeth. As the wine warmed her blood the brave girl slowly opened her eyes and, recognizing us, did her best to force a smile upon her bruised and swollen face. After a time she had revived sufficiently to stand the journey home. In the same cab which such a short time before had brought me to the Café de Verre I sent the two girls away.

We could now turn our attention to the prisoner on the floor. Even as the manager and I looked he opened his eyes and glared up at us, all the while cursing himself for having allowed a girl to dupe him. By the time we heard Major Sherbourne's voice outside demanding admittance the prisoner was as well as ever, with the possible exception of a headache and a bad bruise

From Mr. Coolidge's Secretary

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

To the Editor of *The American Legion Weekly*: My attention has just been brought to your article on page 7 of *The American Legion Weekly* of February 8th. I quote from a "box" carried at the bottom of the page:

"The following circular letter—a sample of the desperate coercion to which the great industrial interests opposing the Adjusted Compensation Bill are resorting—was addressed recently to employees of the Aeolian Company, a large musical instrument house in New York City, over the signature of its general manager:

"To all Aeolian Employees:

"It is of the utmost importance and a matter of vital interest to all of us that the program of tax revision, commonly called the Mellon plan, be passed at the present session of Congress.

"It is also vitally important that the so-called Bonus Bill should not be passed. . . .

I am asking that you write at once to the two Senators representing New York State at Washington, as well as the representative of your voting district, that you, as one of their constituents, desire them, as representing you, to vote for the Mellon bill without changes and to vote against any kind of a bonus bill. . . .

"The two senators are JAMES W. WADSWORTH, DR. ROYAL S. COPELAND.

"Address the Senators in care of the United States Senate at Washington and your representative in care of the House of Representatives, Washington, addressing each one as "Honorable."

"We shall check up our payroll within the next couple of weeks to find out those who have written and those who have not.

"Sincerely yours,
(signed)

"W. V. SWORDS."

I assume the authenticity of this circular, because of my confidence that your publication would not give it circulation without being assured on this point. The President desires me to say to you that while he is opposed to the granting of the soldiers' bonus, he is completely in sympathy with the protest which The Amer-

ican Legion Weekly voices against this kind of propaganda to defeat the bonus measure. He feels that there can be only one interpretation of such language, as "We shall check up our payroll within the next couple of weeks to find out those who have written and those who have not." This language cannot possibly be accepted as anything less than a thinly veiled intimation that the recipient of the circular may find his relationship to the payroll affected as he shall, or shall not, obey the request to write such a letter. The President wishes you most emphatically to understand that he does not sympathize with such methods as this. He feels strongly that such support for his policies is certain to be injurious, rather than helpful. His own attitude about the bonus is well known. He has said with all earnestness that he does not believe it represents the real interest of the ex-service men themselves. In his Waldorf-Astoria speech he declared in effect his conviction that a few months of good times would be worth more to the ex-soldiers than any bonus possibly could be.

But he believes also that efforts to organize an apparent sentiment against the measure, such as are repre-

sented by the circular quoted, are utterly un-American, subversive of the very fundamentals of democracy, and calculated to arouse hostilities between employers and employees. Convinced as he is that the bonus ought not to be granted, he feels keenly that his position in this regard will be infinitely more difficult to support, if such methods are to be adopted by those who wish to hold up his hands.

This question of the bonus is a public question. Every American citizen is entitled to entertain and express his own opinion regarding it. No interest or authority has the right to mislead Congress, by perversion [of] the expression of honest judgment.

There is no higher duty under such a Government as ours than to keep pure and undefiled the sources and channels of public sentiments. The President has claimed for himself, because he believed it his duty, the right to disagree with many members of your organization and many other citizens regarding the bonus. But he insists that every other citizen shall have the same right of absolutely independent judgment that he demands for himself.

I ask that you will give this letter the same publicity that you have given to the circular I have quoted; and in making the request, I wish to thank you for the service you have rendered in bringing this whole matter to the widest public attention. Inasmuch as the matter is one of large and immediate public concern, I am taking the liberty of giving this letter at once to the press, feeling confident that you will gladly acquiesce in this procedure.

Most sincerely
(signed) yours,
C. B. SLEMP,
Secretary to the President.

The editor of the Weekly has sent the following reply to Mr. Slemp:

DEAR MR. SLEMP: The American Legion Weekly will be glad to publish your letter of February 16th. It will appear in the issue of March 7th, the next one to go to press. You may be interested to learn that we are in receipt of a letter from the Aeolian Company asking us to notify our readers (Con. on page 22)

TWO LETTERS

To the Editor of *The American Legion Weekly*:

In your publication of February 8th there appeared a letter, written by Mr. William V. Swords, as an official of this Company. This letter, in so far as it attempted to influence the action of our employees, does not represent the attitude or spirit of the officials or directors of The Aeolian Company and was written without their knowledge or approval. [Mr. Swords's letter is quoted in part in Secretary Slemp's letter to the Weekly printed on this page.—EDITORS.]

I have written a letter which has been sent to the employees who received the letter written by Mr. Swords. I enclose a copy of my letter and I respectfully request that you publish it, giving it, if possible, the same prominence as you gave the letter of Mr. Swords.

I might say in closing that Mr. Swords is no longer connected with The Aeolian Company. Very truly yours,

The Aeolian Company,
(signed) H. B. TREMAINE,
President

To all Aeolian Employees:

You were recently the recipient of a letter written by Mr. Swords, requesting you to write to your Senators and Representatives at Washington, urging them to support the Mellon Tax Bill and oppose the Soldiers' Bonus Bill when it should come before Congress for consideration.

This letter was written by Mr. Swords without consultation with the other Company officials and without my consent or approval. I had no knowledge of it until it appeared in the papers.

The action by Mr. Swords in this matter is without precedent in the history of the Aeolian Company, covering a period of nearly a half century, and it is entirely contrary to the ideals and policies of the Company's Directors and Officials.

I do not know that anyone has been influenced by this letter to act in any way contrary to their convictions. If such is the case, it is my earnest request that they take the necessary steps to correct this regrettable occurrence. Very truly yours,

(signed) H. B. TREMAINE,
President

EDITORIAL

FOR God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to Constitution of The American Legion.

Sound Fatherly Advice

SOLDIERS, you shot in France—and won. Now shoot again—and win. Shoot with letters, letters and more letters at your United States Senators and the Congressman from your district. Just say when you write that you want that Adjusted Compensation Bill passed. Get every relative you have and all your friends to write. Keep the mails busy every week. Shoot—and you'll win now just as surely as you won in France.—**SOLDIER'S DAD, Leona, Kan.**

Acknowledged and Repudiated

THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES recently said: "No one doubts the patriotism of those who advocate the bonus. No one denies that the country owes a debt which it never can pay to those who were in the service."

There you have it, men. According to your President's own words, your country is justly indebted to you. But, according to your President also, your country should not pay its debt. In other words, Calvin Coolidge, although acknowledging a debt, stands forth as the first and only President of the United States to advocate repudiation. Shades of Washington, Lincoln and Roosevelt!

It appears that the President of this great and wealthy nation has established a new code of business ethics—one which would excuse a man from discharging a just and honorable obligation on the ground that by so doing it would reduce his bank balance.—**RICHARD C. JACOBS, Brookline, Mass.**

A Gainless War

THE service man went cheerfully into the war without consideration of himself. To have demanded in 1917-18, during that period of national danger, compensation commensurate with the risks assumed, the dangers run, would have been treason, and justly so. All Legionnaires recognize the obligation of the individual to his country, but this obligation rests equally upon all citizens, regardless of age, sex, physical condition or social position.

Was it, then, any less an act of treason for those not bound by military authority, or a sense of patriotism, to profit at the expense of their country, which had no alternative other than to build ships, manufacture munitions, and make foodstuffs, clothing and equipment, regardless of the cost? This fact alone justifies The American Legion in its fight for adjusted compensation.

The paying of the debt to the ex-service men, however, will not wipe out the possibility of a repetition of similar conditions. Before the "next war" comes we should pass legislation settling once and for all the question of compensation for every individual of whatever age, sex, occupation or physical condition. Should we call only upon those between the ages of eighteen and forty-five who are in perfect health and engaged in pursuits not necessary to

the conduct of the war and ask them to give everything for the safety of their country? We should not. Let us place at the Government's disposal every citizen, industry and natural resource. Let us absolutely eliminate the possibility of personal gain. If we do it we shall at least avoid the embarrassment of any future "raids on the Treasury" by ex-service men seeking equal compensation.—**L. R. WALLACE, Clearfield, Pa.**

Minority Rule

ARE the people of this country—the "average Americans"—grateful to the ex-service men for their work during the war? They are, and they desire that in the matter of adjusted compensation justice be done. They have proved this conclusively whenever they have been given an opportunity to do so at the polls.

So much for the people. How about Congress? It appears that both Houses of Congress are in favor of the compensation bill. Why, then, hasn't adjusted compensation become a reality? Why hasn't the bill been made into a law? The answer is easy. A minority is ruling in Washington—a minority, but an extremely powerful minority.

Let's listen to the voice of the people. If we do so, the men who saved America will have their compensation wishes fulfilled.—**EARL R. KELSO, Lansing, Mich.**

That Poll

IN its poll on the Mellon plan for tax reduction the *Literary Digest* has, perhaps unintentionally, taken an attitude that is unfair to those who favor adjusted compensation.

The questions submitted in connection with the poll leave no possible alternative between favoring the plan outright, which indirectly implies a condemnation of the "bonus" idea, and favoring the "bonus" and thereby implying a direct condemnation of any form of tax reduction. No opportunity for expression is given those who are for the payment of adjusted compensation and at the same time favor a material reduction in taxes.

A third question covering the point just raised should have been added. It would have changed the entire result of the poll and the doubting Thomases would have received the shock of their lives.—**JOHN J. SWAN, 30 Church st., New York City.**

Class Legislation

THE approach of income-tax days suggests some interesting thoughts. For example: An unmarried veteran who earns \$1,500 a year is compelled to pay a tax of twenty dollars out of his earnings to Uncle Sam. Veterans are decidedly not exempt. Who is exempt? Every civil office holder and employee—state, county, city, town—from the governor down. Thousands of men, many of whom receive large salaries, contribute nothing to keep the Federal Government going. In other words, the Federal income tax law is class legislation. The veterans of the World War should demand that the existent law be changed so as to make the office holders pay taxes, just as the veteran who is now working in a shop does.—**JOHN BROWN, Queens Borough, New York City.**

TO reflect more accurately the opinion and sentiment of The American Legion, the occasional use of this page is offered to the readers of the Weekly, who, through their membership in the Legion, are also its owners. Contributions are subject to abridgment and the Weekly assumes no responsibility for opinions expressed in them. They should be addressed to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43d Street, New York City.

A Personal Page by Frederick Palmer

The Things That Count

IT happens that I have been recently in Washington going over old ground, thinking old thoughts and adjusting them to what is going on today.

Again I looked up at the Washington Monument which was called, as the city was, after the Father of His Country. I had been taught to revere his courage and ideals only to learn that according to the views of some people in Washington City he was a bonus-hunter and a grafter. He received land grants for his services in the French and Indian War. He stood for grants of land to his Revolutionary soldiers. Land was about all the United States had to give them. There was plenty of trackless wilderness. But the young nation was loaded with debts. It had no credit abroad.

I looked again at the giant bronze Lincoln of the Lincoln Memorial. I had been taught to believe that his supreme fortitude and patient wisdom had kept united the nation that the great Virginian founded. According to oil ethies he was also a bonus hunter and a grafter. He asked for grants of land for his services in the Black Hawk Indian War.

When the Civil War was over our credit was better than after the Revolution, but so bad that our paper money was worth only half its value in gold. There was still some public land left for veterans. They got no so-called bonus.

What Lincoln would have done no one can say. He had heart and far vision, and I do not think that he would have forgotten the men who had fought for his cause.

After the Civil War we could not afford adjusted compensation. Later, the country entered into an era of high prosperity. We had the development of what was known as the "soldier vote" and the pension system with its parasitic pension agents and all its costly methods.

The late war left the United States the richest country in the world with an increase of twenty billions of gold and gold credits. There was no more land for the veterans. Soldiers and sailors received in cash at the end of their service each a sum equal to a munition worker's wages for a week or less.

Surely, what Washington and Lincoln looked forward to for our country was progress. Today some men realize the advantage that our country's wealth gives us for a stroke of progress. They want to avoid a "soldier vote" and a costly pension system. And they are being called grafters and cheap agitators.

FROM the Washington and Lincoln memorials I turned to other sights in the capital. One of them is men who hold no offices and have costly suites of rooms in Washington hotels. They spend money too freely to be working for a dollar and a quarter a day in their devotion to their country's interest. We know what some of them were doing when the Teapot Dome lease was signed. I do not think that they are in Washington now for their health.

You may hear them saying: "Between you and me, our men never really got into the war, anyway. You know the kind of fellows our draft boards picked up. Pass this bonus bill and they'll just quit work and think the country owes them a living."

The sponsors of these opinions will cheer as loudly as anybody the mention of the names of Washington or Lincoln, but some of them are of the same type as those who stabbed Washington and Lincoln in the back in the thick of the battle.

Against their power the terrible American Legion has three men working for the Adjusted Compensation Bill.

I noticed on a lobby wall in one of the hotels a drawing of the impressive new Congressional Country Club. That is all right. It is a private club. A few days later, in the pine woods of South Carolina I saw a little one-room Legion post clubhouse which was named after one of the men who was killed in France. This is the country club of the bonus hunters and grafters. It is quite exclusive if not luxurious. You may not be a member if you were not in army or navy uniform in the late war.

It occurred to me to make inquiries in the community about the character of the members of this post to find out if they really were acting in a way to indicate that they thought their country owed them a living, only to find that no one knew of an example of the "worthless veteran" class. All the veterans were self-respecting and hard-working citizens. How do the men in the suites of rooms in Washington explain this?

But they do not bother with such details. They are content that some Congressmen are repeating among themselves their arguments. Why should these Congressmen be so confidential? Why not say in public all that stuff about a worthless veteran class and the type of fellows the draft boards picked up? If among four million ex-service men there is a small percent who are not up to the general standard, is it fairer to judge all of them by this type than to judge every man who is in business by the methods of the Sinclairs and Dohenys?

SOME of the Congressmen are hedging. Though pledged in their campaigns for adjusted compensation, they say that if they vote for the first passage they are relieved from voting for passage over a veto. Suppose that the ex-service men had regarded their pledge in that way and had just hedged along as soldiers from training camp to the front! Would we have won the war? I like to think that the personal standards of the members of the new Congressional Country Club will be just as high as those of the little post in the pines. If you are against adjusted compensation, say so when you are running for office. It is a vital, clear issue.

If, in response to some of the talk of the opposition, I, too, were to call bad names—but I am not going to. I know that some of the methods of the opposition lack the foresight of practical patriotism and economy. They contribute toward making a "soldier vote" and making a matter of present justice the football of politics, which means that pension agents will be taking their toll as in the past instead of all of any adjustment going directly to the ex-service men.

The thing that counts is that the ex-service men shall receive a square deal, and now, and that the country shall feel the glow of having given it. Thus all the sources of bitterness and wrangling will be removed and the way made clear for all citizens to work together for the good of every community and the solution of all the problems that we face as a nation.

It is a human world. Let us be human and farseeing. And do let us stop calling bad names. Let everybody express his opinion honestly, and keep Congress informed; for the average Congressman, in common with the average American, as he is besieged with the pressure of many interests, wants to do the fair thing.

It Never Fails

By Wallgren

MOVIE OF A
MAN WITH A
COAGULATED
BOTTLE OF
KETCHUP.

HOW
ABOUT
SOME
KETCHUP?

IF YOU INSIST
ON FEEDING ME
BEANS I GOTTA
HAVE SOMETHING TO
DISGUISE 'EM WITH!!

I GOT FED UP
ENOUGH ON BEANS
IN THE ARMY TO LAST
ME THE REST OF MY
NATURAL LIFE!!

BRAND
NEW
BOTTLE

FIRST THING I KNOW
YOU'LL BE PUTTING CORN
WILLIE ON THE MENU AGAIN!!

HUN'H!!?

SAY, WHAT'S THE
MATTER WITH THIS
STUFF? IT WON'T
COME OUT!!?

S'WONDER
THEY CAN'T BOTTLE
KETCHUP SO'S
IT WON'T
CLOG UP!!

Plup
Plup
Plup

THEY MUSTA MIXED THIS
WITH CEMENT- OR ELSE
THREW A COUPLA EXTRA
CORKS IN FOR LUCK!!

Plop
Plup
Plop

IF THIS IS
FRESH KETCHUP
I'M NOT BORN
YET!!

Plop

— MUST BE SOME
WAY OF DRIVING THIS —

—OUT!!

PLAPP

PHLUG

WELL, I HOPE YOU'RE
SATISFIED NOW!! YOU'VE
RUINED THEM WITH
YOUR OLD KETCHUP!!

WELL, I'D RATHER
HAVE A COUPLA
FRIED EGGS
ANYHOW!!

You Tell 'Em, Legion!

Pro-Compensation Gets Its Turn at Bat
and the Inning Isn't Over—*What United
Effort Is Accomplishing*—Thomas W.
Miller Says Something—*Latest Intelli-
gence from the Washington Front*

WASHINGTON, February 25th. "IN these parts the fur," writes J. William Cordell, adjutant of the Oklahoma department of the Legion, "has begun to fly." To approximate an accurate picture of the veterans' adjusted compensation situation at this writing it is necessary to extend the remarks of Comrade Cordell to include the rest of the country. From the flowery fields of Florida to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine, from the pine-dressed slopes of the Appalachians to the lofty summits of the Sierras, the fur-filled atmosphere bears eloquent testimony to the vitality of the counter-attack the Legion is driving home against Big Business's million-dollars' worth of propaganda and to the efficacy of that counter-attack.

The fortnight just passed has been a busy one indeed for the compensation forces. It has been a productive one for those forces. It has been a sad and melancholy one for the adversaries of those forces. The cause of the opposition is suffering not only as a result of the Legion's counter-drive, but from the effects of its own propaganda. Some of the marks of this suffering are exhibited on another page, where the President of the United States formally disowns an example of anti-compensation propaganda brought to his notice by the Weekly—an example of a type of propaganda which has been all too common in the efforts of Big Business to build up a case against the veterans' measure.

You may remember a letter recently reproduced in connection with one of my letters. It was written by the general manager of the Aeolian Company, a large music house of New York, to all employees directing that they write their Congressmen and ask them to vote against the Adjusted Compensation Bill. The payroll would be checked to see that no employee neglected to write. Shortly after this was published the editors of the Weekly received a letter from the president of the Aeolian Company repudiating the general manager's communication and adding that that gentleman "is no longer connected with the Aeolian Company." When that issue of the Weekly reached the White House Mr. Coolidge read the Aeolian letter and had his secretary, Mr. Slemp, write the Weekly the letter which appears on another page.

Coming on the heels of the country-wide string of public meetings the Legion got up to bring out some long-neglected truths about this "bonus" controversy, these have been hard blows for the opposition. With the actual legislative battle only beginning they are pained to discover that much of their extensive and costly advance preparations not only had gone for naught, but is a positive nuisance. Thus the recent developments have been

unmistakably favorable to the compensation camp as affects the Senate, the House and the country generally.

Such enthusiastic words of cheer, however, require some tempering. The fight for compensation is not won. But if the Legion and the compensation people all along the line keep up the pace they have set it will be won. That is the impression one gets from trustworthy and unbiased observers in the capital. The deeply dug-in foes of compensation, with their tremendous reserves in money and official influence, have been severely shaken, but they are not dislodged as yet.

The week of February 10th, designated by National Commander Quinn as the time for a national series of mass meetings to acquaint the people with the real issues at stake in the adjusted compensation contest, achieved a success which has eclipsed the most sanguine expectations. Conservatively estimated on the basis of reports received at the offices of the Legion's National Legislative Committee, well in excess of two thousand meetings were held during that week—and hundreds were held beforehand and in some States, Louisiana, for instance, they are still being held. These gatherings served to bring the compensation question before the country as it has not been brought before it since Secretary Mellon last fall made the inexplicable

statement that the payment of the debt to the soldiers would make it impossible to cut taxes. Unfortunately there are still a few people who accept the Secretary's statement as a fact; but these are vastly fewer in number than they were before the Legion stepped up and gave its version of the matter.

I am unable seriously to believe that there remains a single member of Congress who would care publicly to defend the accuracy of the Mellon statement now. If I am mistaken I will gladly note the fact, with the name of the Senator or representative, in these columns. If perchance any reader of this item believes I am mistaken I should be glad to hear from him and to learn the identity of the legislator who in the reader's judgment I have misrepresented. This, of course, will not keep a lot of Congressmen from voting against adjusted compensation. Indeed, it is still uncertain whether so many will not vote against the bill as to prevent its passage over a Presidential veto. But it would be enlightening to know *why* they will vote that way—whether they still cling to the unprovable no-tax-cut-if-a-"bonus"-is-paid slogan, which has been the battle cry of the anti propagandists and even now is being used by the *Literary Digest* and is influencing participants in its national straw vote.

But back to the mass meetings. As I write I have before me reports on several hundred—and I mean that literally—such affairs. To tell you about some of them is merely a question of where to begin. I might consume a page on the Seattle meeting at which 3,000 people turned out. Mayor Brown opened the meeting. Lieutenant Governor Coyle warmed it up with a stirring speech in which he rather confounded the argument that the veteran who accepts an adjustment of compensation to right the financial losses incident to military service puts a price on his patriotism. Mr. Coyle observed that the reputations of Washington, Lincoln, Lee, Sheridan and Farragut had not suffered noticeably at the hands of their countrymen—and these men accepted "bonuses" for their war services. Dr. Hinton D. Jonez, department commander of the Legion, analyzed the arguments of Secretary Mellon and poked them full of holes. William B. Short, president of the State Federation of Labor, assured his hearers that organized labor "is one hundred percent back of the service men in every round of the fight."

Or we might jump over to the other coast and find 5,000 citizens of Boston roused to a fighting pitch by Aaron Sapiro, chairman of the Legion's National Legislative Committee. Hanford MacNider, Mayor Curley and Major General Clarence Edwards, Massachusetts department commander. Mac-

This Is The Doozerdoo



Shoot Him
on Sight!

BOGOTA (New Jersey) Post reports the reappearance of that rare and dangerous bird, the Doozerdoo. It is as large as an elephant and is a member of the cuckoo family. It always hatches at midnight of December 31st and steps out of the egg full-grown. From the moment of its birth it flies about preying on unhappy post adjutants and finance officers. And it attacks on sight the memory and conscience of Legionnaires who have forgotten to pay up for 1924.

The Doozerdoo is also at large in your town unless your post has a one hundred per cent. paid-up membership for 1924.

Pay up your Post dues for 1924 right now and keep the Doozerdoo away from you.

Nider had a busy week of it. After barnstorming his native Iowa, where more than a hundred meetings were held, he booked engagements right straight across the country to the Atlantic seaboard. With Judge Kenesaw M. Landis and John R. McQuigg of Ohio he was on the bill at the great Cleveland meeting where they packed the vast hall which will be the scene of the Republican national convention next summer. Judge Landis, too, did a tour of duty at several Chicago meetings.

Alvin Owsley left behind him a trail of oratory all the way from Denton, Texas, to New York City. He and Thomas W. Miller of Delaware were members of a flying squadron which taxicabbed from meeting to meeting in and around New York and up and down the Jersey shore. At these meetings Miller fired a shot which has echoed across the country, created a tremendous furor in Washington, and once more brought the President's secretary into the picture. Mr. Miller laid before his hearers the pertinent facts of Secretary Mellon's figure-juggling in an effort to bear out the Secretary's repeated statements that the country is too poor to discharge its obligation to the veterans. And in doing so Mr. Miller did not mince his words.

True, this is a thing which has been demonstrated before. In the past fortnight it was stressed at a hundred other meetings by a hundred other Legion speakers. But that such remarks should come from Mr. Miller is what has amazed Washington and given his utterances additional force. Mr. Miller is one of the founders of The American Legion, and he is the present National Executive Committeeman from Dela-

ware. He is also the Alien Property Custodian—a high official of the Coolidge administration. He is known as one of the most active and one of the ablest of the younger men in public life in Washington. He is a figure in the inner councils of "regular" national Republican politics. These are the factors which lend importance to the fact that Thomas W. Miller has taken such an outstanding position in favor of an issue to which the President and his Administration are so strongly opposed.

WASHINGTON is alive with rumors as to what will "happen" to Tom Miller for this breach of administration discipline. Secretary Mellon lost no time in peremptorily calling on Mr. Miller for an explanation of his remarks, but before Mr. Mellon's curt letter was received Mr. Miller had transmitted a memorandum to C. Bascom Slep, the secretary to the President. In his report to the White House Miller stood by the statements he had made in his New York speeches and declared that the people are entitled to know the facts about Mr. Mellon's opposition to adjusted compensation. Mr. Miller said in his communication to Mr. Slep:

"The following figures given out from time to time by the Treasury Department and at the times indicated below, speak for themselves:

"McCumber report of the Senate Committee on Finance, submitted April 20, 1922, reporting the Adjusted Compensation Bill to the Senate: First year, \$77,440,889; second year, \$92,177,729; third year, \$73,100,962; fourth year \$370,229,885; total, \$612,949,465.

"The veto message of President Harding, dated Sept. 20, 1922: First year, \$145,000,000; second year, \$225,000; third year, \$114,000,000; fourth year, \$312,000,000; total, \$796,000,000.

"Letter to Congressman A. Piatt Andrew from Secretary of the Treasury Mellon, dated Dec. 18, 1923: First year, \$161,729,002; second year, \$111,336,378; third year, \$92,676,005; fourth year, \$661,545,183; total, \$1,027,285,568.

"When President Harding vetoed the bonus bill in September, 1922, he stated in his veto message that the country was face to face with a great emergency, in that it was confronted with a deficit of \$650,000,000, yet in the same fiscal year the Government paid \$613,000,000 of the Government debt, and still the Treasury ended the fiscal year 1922-23 with a balance to its credit of \$337,000,000, showing a discrepancy in these figures of over \$1,000,000,000 within the space of a few months.

"The figures given out by the Treasury Department from time to time vary as to the estimated total cost of this measure. For instance, in Senate report No. 756, Sixty-seventh Congress, the Treasury estimates the bonus cost at \$3,800,000,000, and later on President Harding, in his veto message of Sept. 20, 1922, using figures supplied by the Treasury Department, stated that it would cost in excess of \$4,000,000,000. Further on, on Jan. 1, 1924, the Treasury gave out figures that the adjusted compensation measure would cost \$5,100,000,000.

"It merely takes a comparison of these figures to show that there were wide discrepancies with regard to the
(Continued on page 20)

Onward! Look Ahead! Pay Your Dues!

THE men who fought in the World War are more and more taking places of leadership. The Legion looms more and more important in the affairs of each community.

In many towns every World War service man is now a Legionnaire.

The period of the Legion's greatest growth is just beginning—the younger men who composed the great ranks of those who fought in the war are coming to the top.

In a few years the World War service man who is not a Legionnaire will be looked on questioningly.

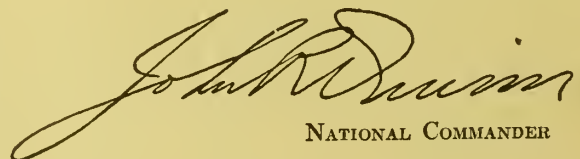
Do you know a Civil War veteran today who is not a member of the Grand Army of the Republic?

There was a day when the G. A. R. was small. But the men who fought the Civil War did get into line before the long march through time had gone far.

The year 1924 has just started. It promises

to be the best year for the Legion. The three-quarters of a million members on the Legion's rolls at the end of 1923 will help make it so by paying their 1924 membership dues promptly and helping to obtain as many new members as possible.

I hope each member will look to the future as he pays his 1924 membership dues. I urge each Legionnaire to make the payment of his 1924 dues a personal and urgent matter at this moment. It is only a detail, but we must all get it done early so that we can carry out the big important work ahead of us. Pay your 1924 dues today.


NATIONAL COMMANDER

TO POST OFFICIALS AND MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEES: Show this statement by National Commander Quinn to every non-member you can find. Every service man will come in in time—why not now? Ask the Civil War veterans of your community to help you back up this argument. Oftentimes the father of the most elusive non-member appreciates the argument strongly and will also help you convert him. Every man you get to join now will realize—later, if not right now—that you have conferred on him a great favor.

Members, Members, and Still More Members

LEGION departments, Legion posts and individual Legionnaires are jumping ahead with light packs, full ammunition belts and iron rations in the 1924 membership advance. "Keep going" was the general order all along the line, and now come the reports of objectives gained or passed in every sector, last year's totals being exceeded and in some cases doubled. Come reports also of harder going on certain fronts, with new strategy and tactics being devised to keep a hold on the advances of 1923. But all the news is of a Legion in action. There are no quiet sectors.

Everywhere also is competition. Trophies range from the MacNider and D'Olier National Membership Cups, for which departments are contesting, to prizes offered by posts to their best go-getters. Posts in adjoining towns are holding competitive membership drives with various rewards for the victors. Other posts have competitions by member-getting teams within their own ranks.

In several recent issues the editors asked post officials and other Legionnaires to tell the methods which they were using to sign up old members and get new ones, and following the request the Weekly started publishing the best replies. Here follows the latest intelligence report from the membership front.

According to an article in the *Argonne Post Weekly*, official paper of Argonne Post of Des Moines, Iowa, that post will not be satisfied with fewer than 3,000 members this year. The article forecasts also that eventually there will be no membership problem for the Legion anywhere to meet. Here is what the post thinks:

"Argonne Post started off the year with the largest membership on record at the time of the first meeting. On January 7th, 408 members were in good standing for 1924. That shows one thing at least. We have got a little nearer to the time when every



Faribault (Minn.) Post set out to get four hundred members by the clock in 1924, and this photo, taken two weeks after the membership drive started, shows the big hand half way to high noon. With two hundred members signed up, the post figures it will be easy to push the hand all the way around in the remaining ten months. As further proof of the fact that Faribault Post's member-getters are red-hot on the job, we cite the fact that the thermometer was nonchalantly twenty degrees below zero at the moment this photo was taken

service man will have his dues for the year paid up promptly lest he lose out. The day may be some time in the future, but you mark right now, the day is coming when Argonne Post will send out statements of dues and that will be all the work on membership which will have to be done, for The American Legion is going to be one of the biggest things in the life of all service men.

"Why is that day coming? Because as the years go by, the associations and the memories of service grow more dear. The work the Legion is doing for service men and the assistance it is rendering, especially for our less fortunate comrades, will become broader, more important. It will be more generally recognized. And lastly, the work that Argonne Post does for Des Moines will reflect more and more honor on those who won the right to membership by their service in the war. Remember that Argonne Post, in addition to all else it may do, is pledged to accomplish at least one outstanding deed for the betterment of Des Moines in 1924.

"Now, don't wait until five or ten years from now and then ride on the band wagon. Get on now and help build it, and build a seat on it for yourself."

The officers of Racine (Wisconsin) Post speak with authority backed by figures showing that the post's 1923 membership total was more than doubled the first month of the present year. They write the Weekly as follows:

"In facetiously condensing attractions of modern life a paragrapher chirruped, 'Home is the place where a modern young man keeps his extra suit.'"

"Adapting to its use the philosophy implied in the sentence, Racine Post during the recent membership campaign raised its total of 516 members in 1923 to 1102 paid-up members and captured two distinguished honors. Department headquarters reports the increase the biggest in Wisconsin in numbers, if not proportion-

ate to former total membership, and that Racine Post now has the distinction of being the largest in Badgerdom. And memberships are still pouring in.

"Trying to find ex-service men at their homes was the basis of former campaigns. It didn't work. They were never there. Too much competition from movies, dances, automobile shows, etc. This year Chairman William Hayman and his working crews ferreted them out in the factories, where they were certain to be during working hours. The result tells the story. Racine factory owners and business men are 100 percent for the Legion. Members of Racine Post have worked with them in various drives wherein Legionnaires were given a chance to prove their calibre. As soon as the Legion's membership campaign was announced the factory owners and business men asked permission to assist. Their offer was eagerly accepted.

"Foremen handed in at the main offices the names of ex-service men employed in their departments. They introduced these men to the Legion

squads when the squads went through the plant. If the prospect did not have the money to pay the dues the factory advanced it and deducted it from his next pay. The rest was simple. It was simply a matter of convincing the prospect that the Legion has a definite place in the community and a definite duty to perform.

"The membership squads were equipped with arguments before they set forth. There was the \$1,700 spent for relief work during 1923 by Racine Post. The amount totals more than the dues paid in by all the members last year. Individual cases where relief was extended—perhaps to former buddies of the prospective member—were cited. There was the pledge of Department Commander Vilas Whaley, of Racine, made when he assumed office. He said his main effort would be to double Wisconsin's membership. Was Racine going to stand back of Whaley? The Post football team, the drum corps that captured national honors, and other activities were mentioned.

"But all through the arguments was interwoven the sentiment that the slogan of Racine Post was 'Not what you get out of the Legion but what you put in.' Joining the Legion was a debt that every man owed to his buddies of the World War, the campaigners stressed.

"The original goal set was 1036, double the 1923 total. At five p. m. January 31st, when Post Commander Max Zirbes telephoned the results to department headquarters at Milwaukee, there reposed in the bank under the heading of dues, the sum of \$3,306 representing the paid-up memberships of 1102 ex-service men.

"Fred Maxted, originator of the drum corps and director of that body, alone turned in 200 membership cards, gathered during his spare time. He established a new individual record for the State."

Competition between Legion departments is spreading to such an extent that challenges have been thrown and accepted by posts heretofore rated as the largest in the entire Legion organization and also between the crack individual member-getters of 1923.

Douglas County Post of Omaha, Nebraska, with a membership of 2673 at the end of 1923 and recognized by the Fifth National Convention in San Francisco last year as the largest Legion post in the world, has issued a challenge to Charles A. Learned Post of Detroit, with a total of 1921 members at the end of last year. Douglas County Post won a contest in 1923 from Charles A. Learned Post based on total members at the end of the year. This year the contest will be based on percentage increase over 1923 totals. Harry C. Hough, adjutant of the Omaha post, and Dave Jones, adjutant of the Detroit outfit, will be the real loser or winner, as the adjutant of the losing post is pledged to give a dinner to four persons at the 1924 National Convention.

As this is written, letters on member-getting, inspired by this magazine's published requests, are still coming to the Weekly in large numbers. Every letter would be worth publishing if space permitted, but all the editors can do is to select those which deal most concisely and pointedly with certain phases of the general problem. Let-

Bring in a Buddy With This Copy of the Weekly

IF this copy of the Weekly is used for membership work the name and address of the Legion Post so using it should be imprinted in the space below, together with Adjutant's name and address, so applications may be mailed correctly.

This space for Post name and address



Application for Membership in The American Legion



The undersigned hereby makes application for membership in the
.....Post of The American Legion

Fill in above name of Post you wish to join.

Name of Applicant.....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Give above the organization last served in.

Applicant's Signature.....

ters from individual Legionnaires telling how they get new members on the man-to-man basis are also beginning to come in in response to the recent request for them. There will be new selections of letters in issues to come and among them will be some by the Legionnaires who have found out by experience how to sell the Legion singly to Mr. Average Non-Legionnaire. After that there will be some new questions brought before the house for discussion. Watch for them.

Membership-getting is still before the house, but another question is crowding it closely. The editors of the Weekly want the leaders of the best-managed posts in the Legion to discuss the problems of post organi-

zation—or, in other words, the ways and means of getting things done. What is the best system that will help a post decide upon a program for itself and insure the carrying out of that program? What constitute business-like methods in a post? Who shall do the post's work and how? What is the best division of responsibility among the elected officials, the post executive committee, standing committees and special committees? If you can answer any or all of these questions, assume that you are giving friendly advice to a post that has not yet found the secret of organization and write a letter to the Editors, The American Legion Weekly, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.

Rolling Your Own

By John R. Tunis

THE French *r* is not pronounced. It is gargled. It starts somewhere down around the Adam's apple, gradually works up into the throat, and ultimately explodes into and out of the mouth, sometimes carrying a couple of teeth with it. Like this: *W-w-w-w-r-r-r-r-rue*. That is a rough diagram of the effect, play by play. A very hard thing for an American to get, even badly.

But association with taxi drivers, *con-troleurs*, *maitres d'hotels*, *garçons*, *chasseurs* and other bandits in France, male and female, have taught me something. I can now almost be understood when I ask for the Rue Richelieu. In fact, I thought I had become a pretty good gargler.

Last week the real test came. I had got off the Calais-Mediterranée Express at Marseille to get something to eat, and after retiring from the buffet with two badly mangled *sandwichs à jambon*, I found my train had been shifted to another track. But what track?

"Trottoir Trois," said the guard I asked, and I knew enough to realize

that he meant that I must walk to Platform Three. But where was Platform Three? I looked in vain for it, and after wandering at least three times all around the station, I asked another guard.

"Trottoir Trois?" I asked, gargling my best *r*. The guard looked at me coldly. Then I noticed he was not a guard, but an admiral in the French Navy. I turned hastily away.

I had gargled to several others without success when a shrill distant whistle sounded. I gathered that it meant my train was leaving.

I was desperate. There was no one around but a woman by the steps of the last carriage. I spoke to her.

"Trottoir Trois?" I said, rolling as fine an *r* as I could. But she appeared not to understand.

"Trotter Trois?" I repeated. This time my *r*'s—all three of them—were magnificent.

The lady looked at me and then turned away.

"Twa twa twa yourself, you fool," she said.

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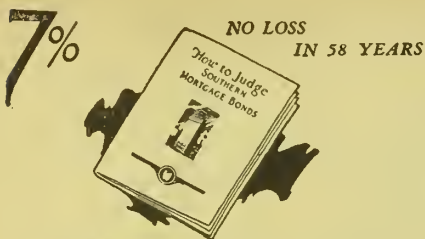
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The Proper Authority

First Hobo: "Dese prohibition people are tryin' to tell us wot we had ought and wot we had oughtn't to drink."

Second Bum: "De nolve! Dat's a discrimination wot had ought to be left to de bartender."

A Nice Touch

Blake: "How will Dr. Carver's new hospital be furnished?"

Drake: "I understand there'll be twin death-beds in every room."

An Expert

Lucrebags: "Your duty as butler will consist of taking the coats and wraps of the guests. Have you had any experience?"

Applicant: "Sure. I useta make the rounds of the restaurants every night."

That's the Question

First Reformer: "Heard about the new liquor issue?"

Second (eagerly): "No, where is it being issued now?"

Economy

Cop: "Say, what was your reason for attempting suicide, anyway?"

Bedraggled Scot: "There was a leak in the gas I couldna stop, an' I didna want to see it go to waste, mon."

Denouement

"A book of verse," old Omar sang,

"A loaf of bread and thou,

A jug of wine and all the world

Were paradise enow."

The wise old bard no further sang;

He tried it for a spell;

The book, the wine, the loaf were fine—

The woman? She was hell!

—Edgar Daniel Kramer.

Oh, I Sye!

Peggy: "How did you get along with the Englishman?"

Polly: "Fine! Told him some funny stories and he took them seriously."

D—!

Mother: "Did I hear you say 'darn'?"

Susie: "No, mother. I don't use baby talk."

Hot Off the Wire

Voice on Phone: "Gimme Main 4."

Operator: "You should say 'Main oh, oh, oh, four.'"

V. O. P.: "Oh, oh, oh, yes."

Wuff!

Rufe: "Yo-all don' look danjurious to muh. F'um whah Ah comes it was so tough dey done wean pickaninnies wif chewin' tobaccoer."

Abe: "Yo' sho' comes f'um a peaceful village. Down mah town in Tenn'see dey pick de flowahs wif claw-hammahs."

The Deadline

The inquiring friend, in process of being shown about the newly-acquired country estate, stopped in amazement and demanded:

"What on earth are you doing with that zebra?"

"Ah!" said the host amiably. "There's been so much talk about the danger of over-indulgence in this new stuff that I thought I'd better provide myself with a stop signal, and that zebra is just the thing. When I see it all one color, then I know I've had enough."

Old Foes Are Best

Pat was hard hit and sinking rapidly, so a chaplain was summoned.

"Pat," he said gravely, "you are about to go west. While you have time you must renounce the devil."

"Father," replied Pat, "if I'm that bad off, 'tis in no condition I am to be after makin' new inimies."

Rebuke Professional

Boarder: "I don't like the way you conduct your establishment. Ain't you never had a gentleman stayin' here before?"

Landlady: "Are you a gentleman?"

"I sure am."

"Then I never have."

Just as a Favor

The speeding motorist had run down an unfortunate pedestrian.

"Hey!" he yelled to his victim. "While you are under there, look at my new four-wheel brakes. They didn't work."

Apple Sauce

"I had two or three chances to go to an O. T. C., but I didn't want to leave my outfit."

"No, I didn't see action. I was on my way to the front when they called the war off."

"Believe me, when the next war comes along they're going to have a tough time getting me."

"Of course, I had a commission and don't rate the state bonus, but I would be opposed to it on principle anyway."

"The French girls? Yes, I suppose they were all right, but I never had time to bother with them."

Patronize the Best

By "Finance"

There is a saying that only the rich can be truly economical. The meaning of this is, of course, that the best is always the cheapest in the long run, but that unfortunately not everybody has the money to buy the best.

The writer of this brief article had this fact brought home to him with considerable force recently. A little over two years ago he had his house painted. He called for bids, and he accepted the lowest. Which seems a natural, and usually a wise procedure to follow. It developed, however, that the painting when it was done compared with the cost, both cheap, and now after only a short time the paint has disappeared and the work must be done again. If a higher bid had been accepted the chances are the material and workmanship would have been better, and the expense of having the house painted again now would have been saved. In other words what required the most money at the start would, in the end, have proved the most economical way of doing things.

It has been proved time and again in the investment field that the best securities are almost always the cheapest in the long run. And when it comes to investments it is not so much a question of whether the man with little money can afford the best, but whether he can afford anything but the best. The best investment implies the safest investment, and the less money a man has the fewer chances he can afford to take with it. If anyone is in a position to speculate it is the man who would not suffer in case his speculation turned out badly, and he lost his principal. The best investments cost more than the poor ones, for investments are like painting jobs, in that the purchaser gets just about what he pays for. If two bonds, of the same face value, and paying the same rate of interest, sell at a material difference in price there must be some good reason for it. Any investment which seems to be a bargain had better be carefully considered before it is purchased, for what seems to be, and what is, are frequently two very different matters in the world of investments.

So far as commissions are concerned the cost of buying good securities, and poor ones, is exactly the same. And it costs no more to buy from an investment house, which is sound and reliable, and has a good reputation, than from one which does not answer this description at all. One of the best safeguards for inexperienced investors is to deal only with the very best investment houses; that is to say, with concerns of established standing, comprised of men who are experts, and whose suggestions and advice can be relied upon. It stands to reason that few laymen are qualified to judge the merits of securities, any more than a layman is qualified to judge the merits of precious stones. The average man would not buy a diamond from a dealer he did not know about, and whose word he had no confidence in. If the same plan were followed with investments much of the money lost in worthless stocks and bonds today would be saved. Ask yourself if you can afford anything but the best, and then safeguard yourself by buying the best from the best investment concerns.



If you can't answer these questions you should send for this booklet at once

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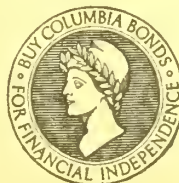
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You Tell 'Em, Legion!

(Continued from page 14)

adjusted compensation measure stretching over a period from the Spring of 1922 until January 1, 1924.

"A large body of the service men are rightfully wrought up about these discrepancies and have caused the fight to develop into a bitter one. This is a question before the country today, and it should be decided once and for all at this time. This question was before the people when they went to the polls in 1920-22 and elected Senators and Representatives to come to Washington, and if the question is not settled before the 1924 election they will have that opportunity again.

"I am calling attention to these figures in my capacity as an individual ex-service man, and as a member of The American Legion, and if this action will tend to set people right on the figures in the real issue at stake I can see no reason for not having done so."

Mr. Miller's declaration of his position had scarcely been delivered at the White House when the subject he had so strikingly reopened began to be aired on the floor of the House of Representatives. Congressman Rainey of Illinois, a member of the Ways and Means committee which is now considering the Adjusted Compensation Bill, charged Secretary Mellon with deliberately juggling figures to deceive the Congress and the public about the cost of that bill. Mr. Rainey threw a new and interesting light on a "billion dollar blunder" Mr. Mellon made in estimating the government finances a while back.

"On January 24, 1922, Andrew W. Mellon sent a carefully considered letter to the Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee," declared Mr. Rainey. "In the letter he said it appeared from the data in his possession that the deficit of 1922 would be \$24,000,000 and the deficit for 1923 would be \$279,000,000; that there would be no money left for extraordinary expenses such as the bonus.

"That was the deliberate statement of the secretary, and he refers in that letter to the actuary of this Government as authority for the statements he then made.

"Mr. McCoy, the Treasury actuary, in his appearance before the Ways and Means Committee a few days ago, said the figures used in the Secretary's report for 1922 were not his (McCoy's) figures but the figures of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

"In other words, the evidence shows that in the Treasury Department they had two sets of figures, one set given them by the actuary and the other set furnished by the Internal Revenue Bureau. The actuary's figures would not sustain the conclusion announced by the Secretary in his effort to defeat the bonus, but the figures supplied by the Revenue Bureau would sustain that proposition.

"And with both sets of figures before him, one set by the sworn actuary of this Government and the other set made by some clerk in the Revenue Bureau, the Secretary of the Treasury deliberately used the figures which were wrong."

As this is written Secretary Mellon

has not called Representative Rainey to account.

So much for the ramification of a single incident in that series of two thousand or more meetings, not one of which failed to advance in some way the cause for which the compensation people here are fighting. Glancing over the reports which are piled beside me I note that one hundred meetings were held in Minnesota alone and that the attendance ranged from five hundred to 5,000 per meeting. Many prominent figures in the State spoke. Louisiana has held twenty-five meetings and reports that it isn't "half finished with this part of the campaign alone." Meetings will continue there for another week. At Shreveport the Legion staged a debate with one of the traveling orators of the Anti-Bonus League. The audience acted as judges. The decision was 200 for adjusted compensation and six against. At Nashville a similar program was held. The vote among veterans in the audience was 328 for and 23 against. In Sayre, Pennsylvania, the *Evening Times* is taking a straw vote of its subscribers. The editor writes that so far the returns show "more than 700 votes for adjusted compensation and 18 against it." At Greensboro, North Carolina, the vote was 175 to nine in favor of passing the veterans' bill.

In California meetings were held in churches, schools, theaters and civic centers throughout the State. Local posts braced up their campaign by placing page advertisements in their newspapers setting forth the arguments in favor of adjusted compensation and some of the tactics of the interests which are opposing that measure. Arkansas reports more than a hundred meetings. Oklahoma got out a special 50,000-copy edition of the state paper, the *Oklahoma Legionnaire*, and put speakers in pulpits, picture shows, school houses and "everywhere," as Adjutant Cordell reports. And as the Adjutant further reports, "the fur has begun to fly."

The aim and object of all this activity is to impress the fact upon the members of Congress that the veterans are united behind the Adjusted Compensation Bill and that the people are with them. To do this it is necessary to call the meetings and the sentiments of those who attended or heard about them to the notice of individual Congressmen. This is being done. The Congressional mail is containing more and more letters asking how this representative and that Senator stand on this proposition and informing these same legislators that the majority of the voters back home expect the passage of this bill with the least practicable delay.

And these letters differ vastly in spirit and in tone from the flood of Big Business anti-compensation propaganda which they are fast replacing. Form letters are not used. You don't find five or ten or even twenty thousand identical letters descending upon Congress in a single day all worded exactly alike, though they may come from widely-separated sections of the country. For the most part these let-

ters are written in longhand showing that the writer, who had no stenographer at his elbow to tap out letters by the basketful, was moved by a personal conviction of sufficient depth to go to some trouble to tell his Congressman how he stood.

Those are the kind of letters that make the impression in this locality. It is very unlikely that Mr. Coolidge will be called from his other pressing duties to ask his secretary to write a letter criticising them, even though they are calculated to hinder, and not help, the President's course with reference to adjusted compensation. So far as I can learn the only criticism of the Legion's mode of campaign has come from the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League. On the same day that President Coolidge's secretary wrote the Weekly commending it for exposing methods like those attempted by the then Aeolian Company official, Captain Durham, president of the League, sent a telegram to every member of the Senate protesting against the "campaign of defamation" being waged by the Legion. On the day that both of these events happened I received requests to list in my writings an additional Senator as committed to support the Adjusted Compensation Bill.

This is Senator Sterling of South Dakota, who has voted against the bill in the past and who has been regarded as with the opposition this year. But the other day Senator Sterling held a conference with Legion leaders and others in his home State. After the conference the Senator issued a statement in which he said that the bill now before Congress had been explained to him, and that as the country was in such excellent financial condition "my present judgment is that I shall be inclined to support the bill." True enough, that isn't a very positive declaration, but possibly as the fight goes on and the Senator gets a better view of the tactics of the opposition and hears from a few more of the people at home he may declare himself more definitely.

But be that particular case as it may, the fact remains that the skies grow brighter for compensation hopes. This didn't just happen. There was no fairy's wand in the case. Hard work did it—hard work by Legionnaires and their friends all over the country. Six weeks ago I used to get pretty tired of hearing people tell me the "bonus" was dead and that I'd better put my time and typewriter to a better use. But they aren't saying it now. A tremendous lot has been accomplished. A propaganda drive backed by unlimited wealth, prestige and influence in and out of official life, a propaganda drive which once seemed to have swept the nation off its feet, has been stemmed, stopped and put to flight. If it weren't for the fact that the Legion is too busy working to listen I'd write a few carefully chosen words just bragging about this achievement.

M. J.

A LONG with reconstruction of homes in the battered city of Verdun, France, a modern athletic stadium is being erected. It will be known as London Park in appreciation of the large amount subscribed in London for its construction. Work has been somewhat delayed as the site is the center of the worst shell-torn area around Verdun and workmen have had to be careful with their picks.

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From Mr. Coolidge's Secretary

(Continued from page 9)

that Mr. Swords is no longer with their concern and containing a copy of a statement issued by the President of the Aeolian Company which in effect repudiates the letter issued by Mr. Swords.

The letter we published was one of several similar ones which have come to our attention. Numerous large industrial firms have brought such pressure upon their employees. It is one of several methods of pernicious propaganda employed by the opposition to the Adjusted Compensation Bill, and in connection with this I am going to take this opportunity to talk quite frankly to you.

A few days ago President Coolidge received the representatives of the so-called Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League. Assuming the correctness of newspaper accounts of this reception, Mr. Coolidge was quite cordial. The net effect of such a meeting was to give prestige and standing to this organization. I have no hesitancy in saying that not only was this the net effect, but that it was also the purpose of the reception in so far as the League was concerned.

I wonder if President Coolidge realizes the impression made by the statement attributed to him after the meeting. The Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League has so few ex-service members that it is in no wise qualified to speak for ex-service men. It is supported by contributions from industrial interests and it is engaging in a propaganda effort which to my mind is just as unfair as is that of the employers who are forcing their employees to write

letters to their Senators and representatives. In fact, I daresay some of the same men are concerned in carrying out both schemes, for the idea behind the propaganda largely emanates from one selfish and wealthy group. The American Legion knows the facts about the Ex-Service Men's Anti-Bonus League, and from my personal observation I know that a great many persons were shocked at the President's action. In our current issue we discuss the President's reception of the Anti-Bonus League representatives. I am enclosing a copy in the belief that you may find it of as much interest as the Aeolian Company letter.

I was encouraged to this degree of candor by your statement that the President desires you to say that he is against the kind of propaganda Mr. Swords advocated. I think that he should be equally opposed to the other kind of propaganda I have cited, and not only that, but I think he should be opposed also to the propaganda which has emanated from the office of Mr. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. The discrepancies in Mr. Mellon's figures have been without excuse and, deplorably, it appears that it is due to these discrepancies that the service man has been denied adjusted compensation. Not only has Mr. Mellon made several statements which have proved to be grievously erroneous but he has issued them under circumstances which leave no doubt that they were released as propaganda. A vast number of service men resent the propagandizing of Mr. Mellon, which all in all has had much more effect than any other.

Extra! Enemy Takes Panama

(Continued from page 6)

Pacific fleet to smithers if it attempted to slip through and rush to the Atlantic fleet's aid. Time was the essence of this game. Could the Blue fleet, steaming south from California, be speeded through the canal and out into the Caribbean before the forts at the Atlantic exit were battered into submission? We were to test the usefulness of the canal in our naval defense system, the speed with which the locks could be operated in an emergency, and the efficiency and strength of the forts around the Atlantic exit.

At daybreak next morning the umpires aboard the *Seattle* got word that the Blue fleet had been sighted steam-

ing toward the Pacific entrance to the canal, and that at almost the same minute scout cruisers and airplanes had discovered the enemy Black fleet making into the old pirate cove of Porto Bello, twenty miles down the Atlantic coast.

By eight o'clock things were popping—and "popping" is the word, for there isn't much noise about this war game. The big guns are swung about and pointed, but smaller pieces and sub-calibre pop-guns do the only actual firing. From Porto Bello the Blacks had issued to turn loose their batteries of sixteen inch guns upon the forts guarding the canal's Atlantic mouth. The

With Privilege of Stopover

is the title of an every-minute-action serial by William Almon Woolff which will begin in the next issue (March 14th) of The American Legion Weekly. Woolff knows how to tell a story, and in "With Privilege of Stopover" he has one to tell. It's about a young man who goes West to take a job and runs into a whole lot of excitement on the way. Remember—in next week's issue.

doughboys of the Canal Zone garrison were trudging up and down the roads and scattering into the jungles, mountain batteries were on the march, troop trains from the Pacific side were discharging reinforcements at Cristobal, anti-aircraft guns were wavering toward a sky where flocks of planes darted and fluttered. From the naval aviation and submarine base of Coco Solo subs were sneaking out to sea; mine layers were busy in the channel; destroyers issued through the breakwater to lay a protective smoke screen. And, as in a real war, no individual fighting man quite knew what it was all about.

Fort Randolph's biggest guns were uncapped; beside the guns and the electric control switches all the men available—unfortunately only about half enough of them—were awaiting the signal to start firing. But the cards were stacked against Randolph. Its biggest guns were only fourteen inches, hopelessly outranged by the Black fleet's batteries of sixteens. A tragic scene would this have been in a real war, but today it had aspects rather humorous. The telephone from the Seattle umpires notified the fort that it was under heavy bombardment, but at the height of the battle youths in khaki reposed with their backs against coconut palms, calmly munching ham sandwiches. The only real spectacle of the day was when an air fleet from the enemy base attempted to bombard the locks at Gatun and was repelled by archies and Blue defense planes.

By the time the bombardment of Randolph was "constructively" in full swing, the advance guard of ships from the Blue fleet had begun to filter through the canal; ten submarines, eight destroyers, three mine sweepers and a hospital ship in the van. The first vessel of this detachment, a sub, emerged into Cristobal harbor by four-thirty that afternoon. Throughout the canal there are twin locks, so this passage of navy craft was being accomplished without any interference with the normal handling of commercial shipping.

While the first ships of the Blue fleet are steaming through the ditch and Fort Randolph is being hammered to bits by the invader's long range guns, let's hop into an airplane at France Field and have a bird's-eye view of the battleground. Higher, higher we spiral upward until we can see both oceans at once. The route across the isthmus by air is only thirty-four miles; you can fly it, if you like, in twenty minutes. By railway the trip is thirteen miles longer; by canal, from deep water to deep water, the distance is nearly fifty miles. We point the plane's nose now toward Panama City. Straight below us lies Cristobal-Colon on a peninsula inside of Limon Bay; to the left are Fort Randolph and the wireless towers of Coco Solo; twenty miles farther down shore, nestling in a background of mountains, the misty-blue color of Concord grapes, is the sheltered harbor of Porto Bello, where the Black fleet hides.

Limon Bay, from this height, looks like a huge blue silk purse, the breakwaters its half-open clasps. A purse five miles deep, from clasp to bottom. Out of that bottom streams a straight streak of silver, the canal channel, cutting through three miles of land to the shores of a great yellowish-tinted artificial lake of fresh water. Where the canal joins on to that lake is Gatun;

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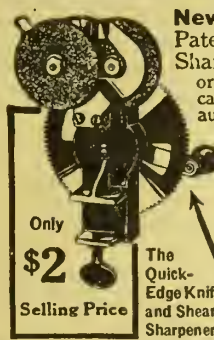
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there are the locks of the Atlantic end and the great Gatun Dam and spillway and power-house, with two big army posts close by. That dam is a mile and a half long and half a mile broad at its base, and has a top so broad that it is used as a nine-hole golf course.

The lake created some ten years ago when the torrential floods of the Chagres River were poured into the basin is the largest artificial lake in the world. Its surface is eighty-seven feet above the level of the sea. In three great steps of water, each a thousand feet long, the Gatun Locks lift ships to the lake level or lower them to tide-water. Ships have to sail across twenty-five miles of that lake and nine or ten of steep-sided ditch beyond before they reach the salt water prism from the Pacific. Two-thirds of the length of what we call a canal is really a great reservoir of rain water held in check by Gatun Dam.

How important it is in wartime to guard that Gatun Dam and its locks and power-house—all a bare eight miles from the Atlantic breakwater—doesn't require much explanation. If an enemy puts the Gatun installments out of business you have to send half of your fleet all the way around the coasts of South America before the millions you've invested in the ships and guns of a Pacific fleet are worth a nickel to you.

As things befell on that first day of mimic battle, Fort Randolph was pummeled to pieces without being able to make a reply, and the only victory the defenders of the isthmus could claim was that they had repelled an air attack upon Gatun Locks. Meanwhile, all that day, the leading units of the Blue fleet kept filtering through the canal, but not one battleship had got its turn. The big fellows lay yet at anchor out in the Gulf of Panama.

The Black fleet, just as a real enemy would do in an attack upon the canal, was swift to follow the advantage obtained by the first day's bombardments. Shortly after dark, thirty big motor boats from the battleships began to gather around the transport *Henderson*, a floating barracks of the Navy's army, the Marine Corps. Sheltered by pitch dark and a dense smoke screen laid by destroyers, this fleet of motor sailers, jammed with Marines, put out from Porto Bello's cove and began sneaking down the coast toward Cristobal-Colon.

Before dawn this little fleet was offshore near the forts, maneuvering to make a landing. An unusually calm sea made beaches that normally would have been deemed inaccessible now possible to capture, and the attackers decided to risk it wherever there was a chance to get ashore. All night the Marines had sat in the boats silent and motionless; now in the middle of each boat an officer arose and gave the command to prepare for landing. The boats headed in to shore and beached. Only two of the thirty detachments so much as got their feet wet. More than a thousand strong, they came ashore with everything they owned and all fixed to stay awhile; they had rations, tents, machine guns and even a motorcycle for dispatch riders; they might have gone on to China without borrowing a match. Shattered Fort Randolph had to surrender to them after a fifteen minute skirmish, and the naval air station and submarine base of Coco Solo was captured almost without a struggle. Some of the garrisons they swooped down

upon appeared to be wholly unprepared for any attack.

One coast artillery officer hesitated to obey the Marine captain who demanded his surrender.

"What'll you do if I refuse to be captured?"

The Marine captain was there with the proper retort.

"I'll call a squad of these men and take you," he answered, briefly. "Through the air. Overseas. Or underseas. And I'll land you at Culebra Island, Porto Rico, and hold you there."

The garrison was just about to sit down to breakfast. The leathernecks confiscated it—and not "constructively."

Before that meal was disposed of, the first of the big battlegroups of the Pacific fleet were heading through the canal, the flagship *California* leading the way. By noon the *California* was nosing into Gatun locks; by mid-afternoon she had emerged into Cristobal harbor, four other big fellows trailing her. But every second was at a precious premium now, with Fort Randolph destroyed and seized, Coco Solo captured and raiding parties from these bases scattering out to try to penetrate the jungle and dynamite the locks. One "alerte" was sounded at Gatun even while the *California* was in the lock chambers.

A second detachment of the largest ships of the Blue fleet was making progress into the Pacific end of the canal by the time the *California* had emerged, but it was doubtful now if these late starters could get through and catch up with the flagship and her sisters in time to be of any aid in a naval battle imminent not later than the following morning. The Black fleet, confident, had withdrawn, meanwhile, to replenish ammunition.

The navy crews who ran those fifty-foot motor launches down the coast in the night and the Marines of the landing party were the heroes of the morning, but the civilian employees of the canal easily carried off the honors for the rest of the day. The orders were that they should put the fleet through without any interruption of the traffic of liners and tankers and freighters, and they did it in style. They smashed all records that day by handling no less than fifty-seven vessels.

But all this sweat in the tropic sun was more or less in vain so far as "saving the canal" from capture was concerned. Out from Porto Bello in battle array, with every ammunition locker replenished, steamed the ships of the Black fleet early the next morning, and by nine o'clock they had drawn in as close as six thousand yards to the harbor breakwaters (with no fear of the silent guns of Fort Randolph) and were slamming away at the foremost elements of the Blue fleet with broadsides of sixteen-inch guns and many smaller weapons, while the Blues, cramped in the harbor, had to stand and take it prow on for two and a half hours.

The choicest seats in the grandstand for the war game that morning were easy-chairs on the veranda of the Hotel Washington. There we watched the naval battle through a frame of palm trees over the sea wall. It was all *fini* by noon, when the Black fleet sailed away victorious. Only a few miles back, in Gatun Lake and the Gatun Locks, other big ships that might have helped repel the invader were hurrying to the rescue. But they

couldn't all get through in time. The Black fleet's victory was swift and complete.

What's the moral? We scarcely need the official umpires' decision to point it out. Fort Randolph's outranged and under-manned batteries were helpless before the invader's sixteen-inch rifles. The Navy has a stock of surplus sixteen-inch guns, left on its hands after the disarmament conference, and gladly would present these to the Panama defenses if the Army had an appropriation to pay for mounts and emplacements. The Army can't accept that gift until Congress kicks through with more money. A larger garrison and a larger air force are required, also, to keep the canal properly defended. These are the first needs.

The whole show was a "piece of propaganda"? Perhaps. But that shouldn't matter if what it demonstrated was sound. And what could be sounder than such a conclusion as that sixteen-inch guns of a hostile fleet can pound to bits a shore defense of batteries of old-style fourteens; and that the canal, at present, as the umpires bluntly declare, "lies at the mercy of any first-class power"?

Those Panama Germs

THE following letter from John N. Force, associate professor of epidemiology at the University of California, is concerned with Herbert Corey's recent article on the Panama Canal ("Uncle Sam's Greatest Romance," in the January 18th issue):

I was one of the unfortunates who didn't get to France, but viewed the war from the angle of a bacteriologist detailed for service from the Medical Corps to the Panama Canal.

While not engaged in viewing the war, I looked around a little and consequently de-

sire to congratulate the Weekly on the splendid article by Herbert Corey. He has certainly placed before us a vivid picture of the very real romance to be read into the American conquest of the tropics.

There are several sentences in his article, however, which are capable of being misinterpreted by readers who might not recognize them as examples of accepted literary form.

He writes, "The blue haze of isthmian malaria hovered about the forests." This reads like literature of the early eighties when "marsh miasma," "deadly night air," and "noxious emanations from decayed vegetation" were the fashionable explanations for malaria, yellow fever, and even typhoid and diphtheria. He really knows better than that because later on he alludes to the "striped-legged mosquito that carries the yellow fever germ," and the rôle of the mosquito in carrying malaria was discovered about the same time, so that the two ideas travel as a team.

Again he writes that along the coasts of South America one can "smell the fever reeking out of the woodlands in long smoky drifts." This is almost poetic in its literary excellence and its fidelity to the 1875 epidemiology, but as a matter of fact no fever is air-borne unless you enclose its causative organism in the body of a flying insect, or consider the short hop from person to person, though in this case the organism is only a projectile in a sneezed or coughed barrage.

Once more: "The malaria bug will find no place from which to tee off." This proves that he knew that malaria is due to a germ and was only spoofing with his blue hazes and smoky drifts. Perhaps I am unduly excited about the whole matter, but there are so many people who are not educated beyond the "bad air" idea of disease transmission that I hate to see such statements in print.

Some of the Portuguese residents of California's valleys are firmly convinced that malaria is due to eating watermelons.

The Weekly Wants Ideas and Photographs From Your Post

WHEN your post accomplishes something that stands out, something that will prove an inspiration to Legionnaires outside your town as well as in it, something that exemplifies a workable idea that some other post can put into practice, be sure that the story of the accomplishment is sent to your magazine, The American Legion Weekly. If your accomplishment may be illustrated by photographs send along the photographs.

Appoint a post correspondent for the Weekly. Arrange with a photographer—a Legionnaire, of course, if possible—to take photos of your post in its biggest works. Your post will want to have those photos for itself anyway to look at in the later years. Give the Weekly a chance to publish the photos if it can.

Study the articles about other posts already published to help you decide what ought to be written about your

post. Articles should deal with the new or novel or extraordinary—outstanding things. Your post correspondent does not have to be a professional writer. He can simply send in the facts in an everyday letter. The editors will do the rest. And remember the photographs.

Obviously the Weekly won't be able to publish all stories and photos sent it. It must make the best selection possible each week for its limited space. Don't feel hurt if your first contribution doesn't land. Try again—and again. All the material received is filed as a part of the national archives of the Legion. Often a contribution not publishable immediately upon receipt may be published many months later.

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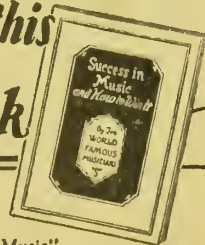
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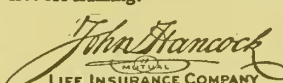
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The Missing Paymaster

(Continued from page 8)

I had to be content with this. But the more I thought about the story I had just heard, the more I became convinced that it was not wise to wait longer. Delay might mean the escape of the other men we were after. I believed that I knew enough to try to get a confession from Jamison. Anyway, I was convinced that it was worth the effort, and so I went on to the Casino.

There for over two hours I battled with the prisoner in an endeavor to break down his resistance. Using the few slender threads of evidence which Celeste had been able to pick up from the disjointed ravings of Jeanette and calling upon my imagination for those which were lacking, I built up a story of the crime.

For a long time the man was obdurate, but he finally broke under the continued questioning and admitted his part in the crime, acknowledging that he had planned and engineered the whole thing.

"That's good as far as it goes," I broke in, determined not to give him time to reconsider, now that I had him started, "but what became of Captain Barry? Where's the money? And where's the rest of the gang?"

The prisoner answered my last question first. "Two of them you've already killed. Down at old Fort Medoc you'll find the others. You'll learn the answer to your other questions if you can capture them"—and I thought that I saw the suspicion of a smile flit over the sullen face in front of me. Not another word could I get out of him.

At this time Fort Medoc had not come into the fame it was later to enjoy as a camp for our German prisoners. Three miles down the Gironde it stood desolate and abandoned. Originally it had been one of the inner defenses of the old city of Bordeaux, but with the advent of modern artillery it had outlived its usefulness and been given up as a fort. It was situated on a small island jutting out into the river, here bridged across by the French with an old draw the chains of which had long since rusted apart. Its granite walls, fully fifteen feet high, had withstood the ravages of time, while the few buildings still standing inside were inhabited by spiders and large wharf rats. Altogether it made an ideal hiding-place for fugitive criminals, especially because there was a belief that river pirates still used it as a rendezvous.

I could not throw off the thought of the cynical smile I saw cross the criminal's face when he told me to go to Fort Medoc—it savored too much of a death trap. Our experiences with this gang had taught us to be on our guard at all times; we had not forgotten the fate of Corporal Bayless and the French gendarme. Before we attempted an attack on the fort we had better make a thorough investigation. Remember-

ing our failure at the house on the Pauillac road, where we had been discovered before we could get the place surrounded, I thought it a good idea to make a survey of the fort from a distance.

Accordingly with our field glasses Major Sherbourne and I went down to look it over. This time we were careful to leave our motor-car far enough up the road to prevent the possibility of any one's seeing us. Although there was a well-defined path leading from the road we were on to the entrance of the fort we did not dare to use it. Instead we forced our way through the tangle of grass and weeds in the field. Plunging directly out across the waste, we wallowed on until we finally reached our objective, a small knoll about half way between the main road and the fort. Its covering of dense vines and bushes made it an ideal screen.

With our glasses focused on it, we carefully looked the fort over for signs of recent occupancy. Our range of vision inside the fort itself was limited to the angle of the entrance. As our eyes became accustomed to the deeper shadows of the place, Major Sherbourne spotted a solitary man on guard. He was sitting close against the right-hand wall. From his position in the shadow he could see anyone coming along the path, although he himself could not be seen until the draw was reached, while the rifle resting across his knees spoke volumes regarding the kind of reception we might expect if we attempted to force a passage across the bridge. Moreover, a cool, determined man in that position armed with a high-powered rifle and with plenty of ammunition available could exact a terrible toll before even a company of soldiers could capture the place.

"What do you think of the situation?" asked Sherbourne.

"There's only one thing to do," I said. "We must make our attack under cover of darkness from the front, or river, side. If we can reach that small strip of land between the fort and the river we can scale the walls and get in behind them. That point over there," I continued, indicating a small spit of land near the island, "will be a good place for us to make the attempt. We can swim to the fort easily from there and by landing at the foot of the wall we can come upon them before they realize that we are anywhere near. They will never expect us from the river."

At ten o'clock that same night a motor-car with its headlights dimmed containing Major Sherbourne, Lieutenant Blakely, Lieutenant Greene, Sergeant Reilly, and myself, with the driver stole quietly out of town and down to ward old Fort Medoc. Just before we reached the path leading across the fields to the fort we alighted. There was no need for words—the part each was to play had been carefully rehearsed in my office earlier in the evening. Blakely, with Greene, Rich and Reilly trailing along behind, struck off down the path toward the fort, there to establish an ambush for the criminals if they attempted to flee in that direction.

With the others started on their way the major and I for the second time

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that day plunged off into the tangle of grass and weeds. If we had found our progress difficult by daylight, we found it doubly so in the darkness as we struggled along trying to reach the point from which we were to make our swim. Slipping and dropping into unnoticeable holes we forged ahead, to arrive at the place half an hour behind our designated time.

Before we left the motor-car we had taken off all our surplus clothing. All we had to do was to kick off our shoes. Our flannel shirts, breeches, and woollen socks would answer for our protection, even though they would make our movements more difficult once they became water-soaked.

We could not have chosen a more favorable night for the venture. Clear and warm it was, with the moon not due to rise for several hours. The water, however, fooled us, for it seemed icy cold as we waded into it. A few steps, then the plunge, and we were embarked on our hazardous undertaking. The swim seemed endless, and I was beginning to think that we had lost our way and were headed out across the river when my feet touched bottom. As I scrambled up the bank to the foot of the fort I promised myself that, come what might, I for one would return over the drawbridge.

We squeezed the water out of our garments as well as we could and dried our automatics. Then we sat down to recover our breath. When we were rested, we stood up and, using our hands to guide us, felt along the wall for some projection that we could use to aid us in climbing up. Our fingers finally found what we sought. When we reached the upper edge of the wall we slowly pulled ourselves over it, keeping as close to the top as possible. This was the most dangerous part of our attempt, since then, if ever, those inside could see us while we were silhouetted against the skyline. Lying flat on our stomachs, we waited in suspense for the shot which was bound to come in case we had been observed. But not a sound came from the black pit encompassed by those vine-clad walls.

Thus far we were safe.

Well satisfied that we were still undiscovered, we wriggled across the wall to the inner edge preparatory to dropping down into the court-yard and, by grasping the outer edge we eased ourselves over. For a moment we hung suspended. Then we let go and dropped, trusting to luck that we should land safely. With a soft thud our stocking feet met the cobble-stones of the yard.

We were inside the fort.

Crouching low against the wall we had just conquered we again paused for some indication that would tell us whether the occupants had heard us when we came over and landed.

Still not a sound.

We had made our entry without discovery. But there was yet the last and by far the most dangerous part of the work ahead of us—that of locating desperate criminals in the dark interior before they could see us.

Down upon our hands and knees we started on our crawl toward the drawbridge, where we were morally certain that at least one of the gang would be found. Moving along, guided more or less by instinct, stooping every few feet to listen for some sound that would tell us the position of those we were after,

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we crept across the courtyard. It was slow work, and it was some minutes before we were able to distinguish the entrance. At last we singled it out, and again we dropped down even lower than when we were crossing the yard. Our only hope of finding that sentinel was either by hearing him move or else in getting him between us and the skyline. Scarcely daring to breathe, we lay there on the cold stones, straining our eyes as we tried to separate the figure from the surrounding gloom.

Suddenly Sherbourne grasped my arm. "There he is at the right of the entrance, leaning against the corner of the wall!"

Once indicated, he loomed up like the giant that we were to learn he was.

Again resorting to whispers, I suggested to the major that we creep up behind the wall and step around it quickly to get him. "But don't shoot unless he hears us," I admonished. "Stand by to protect me if he attacks while I am trying to reach him with the butt of my gun."

A second time we went forward. If we had moved carefully before we were doubly cautious now, for the sentinel was himself more than a match for either of us, even if he did not have that deadly rifle—with the rifle he was indeed a formidable antagonist. Closer and closer we moved along toward him, still unsuspecting and still gazing intently out into the field—it was barely possible that he might have heard my other men out there as they moved into their positions. At any rate, he neither saw nor heard us as we crept upon him.

Before he had a chance to realize that there was any danger from within the fort I was upon him. A sudden blow from my automatic and his game was over. The rifle in his hands fell with a clatter. We also dropped while we waited to see if the disturbance had aroused the others about the place.

But all was silent.

Again the Fates were with us. Before the fallen man had a chance to realize that we had him we rolled him over on his back and, utilizing our belts for rope, trussed him securely, using his own scarf as a gag.

Now that we had the sentry disposed of, we started on a tour of inspection of the buildings. As we turned off on our right to make a circle I noticed a tiny beam of light coming out through a knothole in one of the shutters of a small building on the opposite side from the way we had passed when going from the wall to the gate—that is why we had not seen it before. Creeping up to the shutter, I peeked through the knothole. By the dim light of a candle flickering on a table I saw a lone man asleep on a cot. Across from him was an open doorway through which could be seen the foot of another cot which presumably belonged to the guard whom we had just tied up. Allowing my companion to examine the place so that there would be no slip when we forced our way inside, we drew back for a whispered conference.

"We'll slip around to the door," I said, "and before he gets the sleep out of his eyes we'll have him cornered."

Slowly and with infinite care we edged around the building, going entirely by the sense of touch. When about half way around my fingers came in contact with the door. With the utmost care I lifted the latch and gently tried it.

The door opened under my touch. The way was clear.

"Ready," I quietly whispered. With a spring I was inside. A quick rush to the cot and the sleeper was covered.

"One move and you're gone!" I whispered, as he blinked up at me in the dim light.

While I was bending over him searching for weapons I was startled by a cry from Sherbourne.

"Look out!"

I ducked just in time to escape a blow from a heavy club which was descending upon my head. Then I wheeled around and was about to pull the trigger of my automatic to shoot at this assailant who, awakened by the noise of our entrance, had rushed out from the inner room, when I recognized in the contorted face of the one fronting me the features of the long-lost Captain Barry. It was unquestionably Barry, but it was Barry strangely altered. In a flash I guessed what was wrong. Barry had completely lost his mind.

Sherbourne's cry of warning had been instantly followed by his body's catapulting through the air to land squarely on the shoulders of the crazed man, who was knocked off his balance. The two crashed to the floor in a snarling, fighting heap. I had hoped that the fall would stun Barry, so that Sherbourne could bind him to prevent his doing any more damage. Unfortunately, however, the fall only seemed to increase his fury. With a savage growl of rage he twisted from underneath the major and turned upon him. It seemed ages that I stood there watching the two struggle for mastery—Sherbourne fighting to protect himself and to subdue the maniac without injuring him, if possible; Barry, on the other hand, with all the cunning and viciousness of the insane, fighting for a death-grip on his fellow officer's throat.

Over and over they rolled, first one and then the other for a moment gaining the advantage, only to lose the next instant. All during the fight I had to stand back, impotent to help, knowing that if I relaxed my vigilance for so much as an instant my prisoner would either join in the fight or else, in the resultant confusion, escape.

At last, worn down by the maniacal strength of Barry, Sherbourne came to a realization that the tide of the battle had turned against him. Under those circumstances there was only one move for the major to make.

He made it. His fist suddenly shot out, catching Barry square on the chin. The war was over.

Then, wiping the perspiration from his face, Sherbourne got up from the floor and came over to me. I handed him my automatic with a nod in the direction of our prisoner, and went over to the spot where Barry lay on the floor. It was the work of a second to pull off his shirt and of another to tear it into strips. With the strips as bonds, I tied his hands behind his back and his feet together.

Leaving Sherbourne on guard, I hastened to the entrance and called in my other men, who all this time had been in hiding out there in front of the drawbridge. Relieving Sherbourne, and placing Rich and Reilly on guard over our two captives, with the remainder of the party I took up the search of the place. Tucked away under the bed in a far corner in the inner room we found a cheap suitcase. Opening it, our eyes were gladdened by the sight of pile

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upon pile of French banknotes. Our
 find proved to be a little over half of
 the stolen money.

At last, reaching the conclusion that
 the old fort held no more secrets, we
 started back with our captives across
 the dark fields to where our car stood
 waiting for us.

Our first thought after our arrival
 at the Casino there was for Captain
 Barry. A telephone call to the Beau
 Desert Hospital and an explanation of
 the condition of the captain brought a
 medical officer with a detail.

From Jamison and the two French-
 men we had captured at the old fort I
 was able to secure the missing links.

"We never intended to hurt the cap-
 tain," Jamison began, his former stub-
 bornness gone in the face of our recent
 success. "We wanted to knock him out
 until we could grab the money and make
 our getaway. We got excited and hit
 him too hard. He was hurt and hurt
 bad. Jean—one of the men you shot
 at the basin—knew a doctor who could
 keep his mouth shut, so he went out
 and brought him to the Café Boulevard.
 He told us a piece of Barry's skull was
 pushed against his brain. We tried to
 get him to operate, but he wouldn't do
 it. We knew that if Barry died it
 would be the guillotine for us. So,
 while you were looking for Barry, we
 had him in the café nursing him. We
 knew you'd search the café sooner or
 later, so we decided to clear out. We
 went to that house outside of Limoges.
 It belonged to Jean. When we got a
 chance we moved Barry to the cottage.
 When he got well we found he was
 crazy.

"The two apaches," continued Jami-
 son, "came into the case when we went
 to Limoges. Victor supplied us with a
 motor-car that belonged to his employer.
 From then on both of them bled us.
 Then we got tired of being worked and
 made plans to return to Bordeaux so
 that we could watch for a chance to
 escape on some foreign-bound vessel.
 While waiting for a chance to make our
 getaway we decided to separate. Jean
 and his friend went to the Paulliac
 house. The rest of us went to the old
 fort. You know the rest."

Jamison was correct. We did know
 the rest, and without undue delay we
 sent the trio to jail. We found, when
 the evidence developed, that Jamison
 had never really been a member of the
 Army. He was what was sometimes
 referred to as a militarized civilian, and
 he worked for a time for an American
 contracting firm. He went overseas for
 just one purpose: to get free trans-
 portation to France. At the first op-
 portunity he broke away and began
 looking for chances to prey on the
 Army. He got twenty-five years, and
 he is still at Leavenworth.

The other two were turned over to
 the French and they finally went to the
 African penal colony for life.

The rest is soon told. Barry is still
 alive. But he is not the Barry of old.
 Gray and aged long before his time,
 he lies in an Army hospital in the
 United States fighting hard, with the
 aid of the surgeons, to regain his
 reason. And Jeanette? Jeanette has
 never forgotten. Nor will she ever.
 She is still true to her American Cap-
 tain, and in Bordeaux she is patiently
 waiting for the day when once more
 the man she loves will come back into
 her life.

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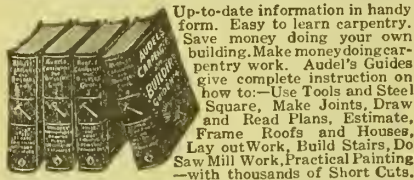
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TAPS

The deaths of Legion members are chronicled in this column. In order that it may be complete, post commanders are asked to designate an official or member to notify the Weekly of all deaths. Please give name, age, military record.

JAMES LEPER BURGETT, Soissons Post, Berg-holz, Ohio. Died February 4th, aged 36. Served with Company C, 125th Infantry, 32d Division.

FOSTER E. CAMPBELL, Ivan Bicknell Post, National Soldiers' Home, Maine. Died November 14, 1923, aged 38. Served with Company F, 74th Infantry.

ROBERT J. CROMLEY, Claude Close Howard Post, Denning, New Mexico. Died February 9th, aged 31. Served with 21st Company, Sixth Training Battalion, 162d Depot Brigade, Camp Pike, Arkansas.

JAMES E. DOLAN, Ivan Bicknell Post, National Soldiers' Home, Maine. Died January 30th in Boston City Hospital, aged 51. Served as private 1/cl, 23d Infantry, Second Division.

JOSEPH B. EMSLEY, 3d, Henry H. Houston 2d Post, Germantown, Pennsylvania. Died February 7th, aged 24. Served as seaman and yeoman, U. S. Navy.

CARL A. ENGLE, Logan (Ohio) Post. Died February 2d, service disabilities, aged 30. Served with Company C, 135th Machine Gun Battalion, 37th Division.

ROBERT W. MASON, Edwin Scott Linton Post, Washington, Pennsylvania. Fatally wounded February 12th while enforcing prohibition laws as a deputy sheriff at New Salem, Pennsylvania. Served as second lieutenant, U. S. M. C.

MERRILL W. YOST, Byron S. Fegley Post, Collegeville, Pennsylvania. Died February 2d, in U. S. Veterans Hospital at Rutland, Massachusetts. Burial at Collegeville. Served as corporal, Company C, 304th Field Signal Battalion, 79th Division.

AUGUST W. ZOCK, James C. Bilz Post, Port Jervis, New York. Died January 29th, aged 29. Served with Company I, First Pioneer Infantry.

OUTFIT REUNIONS

316 INF.—Annual reunion and dinner of former officers, Philadelphia, April 5. Address F. A. Van Dyke, 4047 Spruce st.

U. S. S. CHICAGO.—Fifth annual reunion and banquet, U. S. S. Chicago World War Assn., at McCallister's, 1811 Spring Garden st., Philadelphia, April 5. Officers and men who served on this ship requested to address J. J. Burke, 4339 Brown st., Philadelphia.

U. S. S. AGAMEMNON.—Former members interested in holding "letter reunion" requested to address William S. Ohnemus, 2326 Monroe st., Chicago.

COMPANY D, 303d SUPPLY TRAIN.—Reunion, New York City, Mar. 22. Address Cyril Hannan, North Bergen, N. J.

Announcements for this column must be received three weeks in advance of the events with which they are concerned.

LEGION LIBRARY

Book Service

HISTORY OF THE 107TH INFANTRY, 27th Division. Official. Over 200 illustrations. 550 pages. Price: \$5.

HISTORY OF THE 310TH INFANTRY. Official. 265 pages. To cover the cost of the book the Association of the 310th Infantry has been forced to advance the price of the book to \$3.

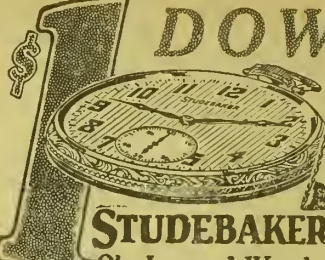
THE 55TH ARTILLERY, C. A. C., IN THE A. E. F. By Frederick Morse Cutler. Official. Detailed story of the regiment and of its three major operations. Complete roster. 200 illustrations and maps. 413 pages. Price: \$3.25.

HISTORY OF THE 14TH ENGINEERS. Official. Based on Col. Wooten's official report, government records, private diaries, letters and other data. Complete regimental roster. 161 illustrations and two large insert maps. 195 pages, 8 x 10 1/2 inches. Price: \$5.

BUT WE BUILT THE CARS. By Don L. Clement. Official history 35th Engineers. Photographs of officers. Regimental roster. 119 pages. Price: \$3.50.

OUR NAVY AT WAR, by JOSEPHUS DANIELS, former Secretary of the Navy. The book of 374 pages contains 64 illustrations. Special price: \$2.

Prices listed are net and include packing and mailing charges. Send order with remittance to the Legion Library, 627 West 43rd Street, New York City.



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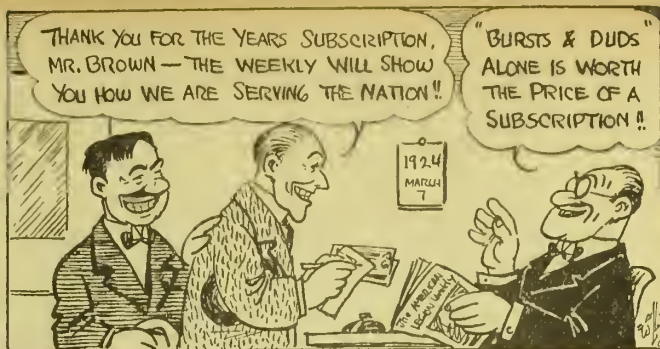
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Buddy's Still Loading Magazine (Subscription) Clips

Over there, Buddy got his readin' matter from home several laps after the dates of publication.

By the time he got the Christmas magazines for December, 1918, he was fanning himself with a mess kit on the shady side of a green hedgerow.

Publications which had loafed for years around a dental parlor, went over to France to get properly Aged.

From a pain killer's reading-room to an A. E. F. circulating library was a long jump. But Buddy didn't care. He liked to read the Spanish-American war thrillers, the high-wheeled bicycle ads. and the predictions by oil cans of 1902 that America would never have further use for an army.

Any old thing to read was a boon from Booneville to Buddy after the Armistice. He laughed at comic weeklies in which the jokes were growing chin moss. He read dog-eared western thrillers while hiding up in the barn loft, just as he had done in his kid days. Only this time he wasn't avoiding Pop; just the Top.

If it hadn't been for those bales of old magazines from home, Buddy would have had nothing to read excepting the fickle snake's eyes, and the frivolous fine print on his combat shirt.

An American magazine fit him like a pair of staff looey's pink pants, even if it was only "The Housewife's Kitchen Kompanion," or "The Alfalfa Price Recorder."

And if it happened to be one of the standard, popular magazines of this country (such as the Weekly has since grown to be) Buddy would pore over its fascinating contents by candle-glim, until "taps" saved his tin derby from looking like a frosted birthday cake.

Buddy was, as he still is, grateful to the folks at home for countless good things. Not the least of these was their thoughtfulness in sending thousands of new and old magazines to France. Naturally it took months for even the newest to reach its doughboy free subscribers.

These magazines helped mow down the weary time which elapsed between hell and Hoboken. Had it not been for the help of these periodicals in tying the can to tedium, Buddy might have gone A. W. O. L.—which, as all ex-service folk know, means "Absolutely Without Old Literature."

This is the time for Buddy's pals to reciprocate to the home folks.

We can now introduce 'em to the sort of *reading matter* which reflects the true patriotic objects of the American Legion. There have been too many false impressions of the ex-service man willfully circulated by certain foes of justice and real Americanism.

Let us cement the friendship of business men and other influential people to the American Legion—and your Post—by obtaining their subscriptions to The American Legion Weekly.

Let them see one number. It will demonstrate that this is a magazine worth reading for its own sake as well as for the cause it represents—bright fiction and features; articles by able writers on conditions now, *over here* as well as then, *over there*. Cartoons and pictures. "Bursts and Duds"—read at first hand the brand-new jokes and skits which are borrowed in the press and on the movie screens all over the land!

A year's subscription to the Weekly (52 issues) costs non-members only \$2.00.

A reader of the Weekly means a friend of The American Legion. Buddy says to thousands of potential subscribers: "Let's join hands!"

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Resolution passed unanimously at the Second National Convention of The American Legion.

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We do not knowingly accept false or fraudulent advertising, or any advertising of an objectionable nature. See "Our Platform," issue of December 22, 1922. Readers are requested to report promptly any failure on the part of an advertiser to make good any representation contained in an advertisement in THE AMERICAN LEGION WEEKLY. Advertising rates, \$3.00 per agate line. Smallest copy accepted, 14 lines (1 inch). THE ADVERTISING MANAGER, 627 West 43d Street, N. Y. City.

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